

FOOTBALL COMPETITION, 6 WINNERS GET £16 13s. 4d. EACH.

P L U M T R E E S
HOME
POTTED MEATS.
Excellent Quality.
Delicious Flavour.
Highly Nutritious.
Can be had from most Grocers, or 1/6 for Sample Jar and name of Local Agent in your district, to **PLUM TREES, RAILWAY STREET, SOUTH-DOWN.**

PEARSON'S

TO INTEREST, TO ELEVATE, TO AMUSE.

WEEKLY.

The Best Song,
The Latest Song,
The Prettiest Song

"HAVE YOU GOT THAT £10 NOTE?"

SUNG BY

R. G. Knowles.

At all Newsagents, 1s. 4d., or Eightpence post free from 410 Song Dept., Pearson's Buildings, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

No. 538.]

TRANSMISSION AT BOOK EXCH.

WEEK ENDING NOVEMBER 10, 1900.

ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

A GROCER

AND

DR. TIBBLES' VI-Cocoa

"GREATLY SURPRISED AT THE DEMAND FOR VI-COCOA."

Mr. W. Rigby, Grocer, 70 Gloucester Street, Salford:

"For the last few weeks I have been greatly surprised at the demand for Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa over all others, so I thought I would try it for myself. I am not an advocate for any new preparations, but I was surprised at its pleasant and unique flavour, and now I shall sell it with confidence, and recommend it in preference to all others, having tried it myself. I shall use no other but Vi-Cocoa."

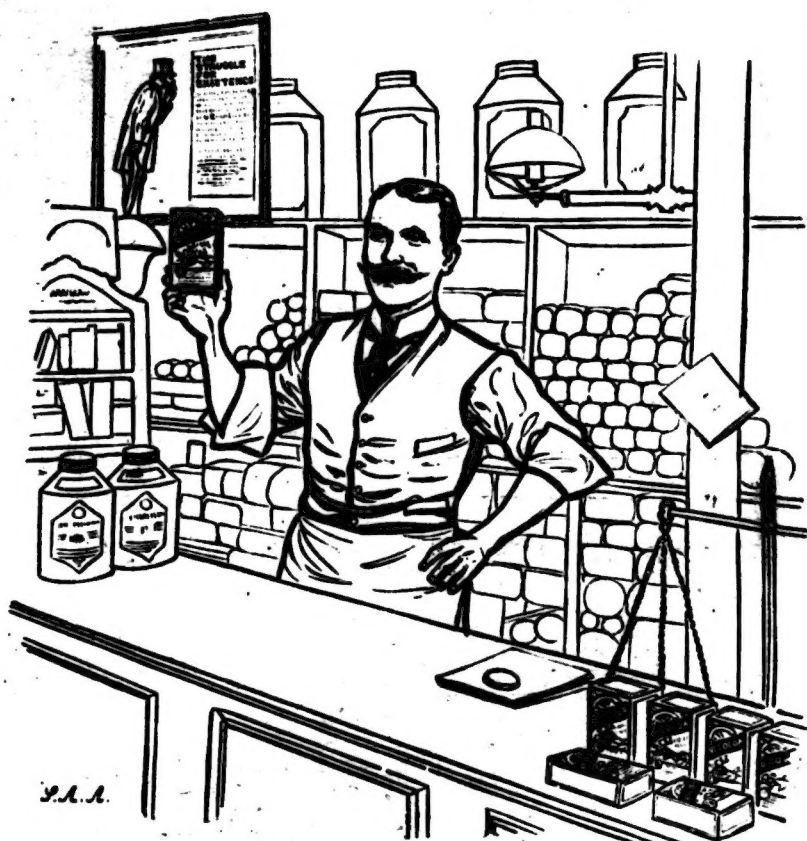
"I have also a brother in the same trade as myself, and as he is growing very fast, and has to work long hours behind the counter, he finds Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa very sustaining, and it keeps him up wonderfully."

"You have my full consent to publish this if it is of any service to you."

"UNDOUBTED PURITY AND STRENGTH."—Medical Magazine.
"IN THE FRONT RANK OF REALLY VALUABLE FOODS."—Lancet.

DR. TIBBLES' VI-Cocoa

FAVOURED BY THE HOMES & HOSPITALS IN GREAT BRITAIN.
DAINTY SAMPLE TIN FREE TO ANY ADDRESS.
Address: Dr. TIBBLES' VI-COCOA Limited, 69 Sunhill Row, London, E.C.



J.A.A.

DAINTY SAMPLE FREE.

£20

Salisbury Street, London, E.C. 4

Yodocoonists Commanding, See
 111, Golden Square, W. 1
 To open a clear store, £20 to
 £200. Yodocoonists Outfitting
 111, Golden Square, W. 1
 Largest and cheapest. See
 111, Golden Square, W. 1

IF YOU LOST A SOVEREIGN

You would worry about it! You are not! **GOING
 FORTH** in your daily life, you are always in a
 hurry, and you are always in a hurry to get to
 the bank, where you can get a sovereign to
 trouble you!

SEND FOR OUR CATALOGUE
 and you will see what we mean.

FOR EVERY SHILLING

you send to us, we return you 20, or you may desire
 when sending, making up 40 in every pound.
THAT IS WHERE YOU SAVE
 2,000 beautiful coverings of

WATCHES,
CLOCKS, LEATHER GOODS, CUTLERY,
JEWELLERY,
 of every description, Optical Goods, Musical Instru-
 ments, &c.

YOU SEND A POST CARD!
WE SEND CATALOGUE!
G. LANGDON DAVIES & CO.
 111, Golden Square, W. 1

CHERRYHOL HAPPY HOME

CAMPBELL'S Gold Medal MELODEON



With One
 Tone and
 Accompany
**NO ROOM SHOULD
 BE WITHOUT ONE**

There are
 still many
 Song, and
 can all
 charming
 knowledge

**SPECIAL OFFER TO THE
 "PEASANTS" WITH
 Campbell's "Gem" Melodeon,
 Campbell's "Miniature" Melodeon,
 Campbell's "Paragon" Melodeon,
 Campbell's "Favourite" Melodeon,
 One this one and send P.O.D. to
 either one of our agents, and in P.O.D.**

20,000 TESTIMONY
 Professor Brown, the Champion
 of Great Britain, Ireland and W.
 bell's Patent Melodeons are the only
 that have ever come under my
 notice a trial to advertise them-
 selves.

All lovers of music should at once
 Illustrated Privilege Price 1/6 and
 Instruments for Season 1891 and
 these valuable Lists sent out yearly
G. LANGDON DAVIES & CO., Musical
111, Golden Square, GLASGOW, 1/6

Those who want to make more than one attempt in the Football Competition should get the coupon in this week's **SHORT STORIES.**

PEARSON'S

TO INTEREST
TO ELEVATE, TO AMUSE.

WEEKLY.

"PEARSON'S WEEKLY" INSURANCE COUPON.

The signing of this coupon by the purchaser will be sufficient to entitle his or her next-of-kin or legal representative to the benefits of the £1,000 Railway Insurance, and the £100 Cycling Insurance, provided the conditions of the insurance coupon have been fulfilled.

Signature

Available from 5 p.m., Friday, Nov. 2nd, 1900, until midnight, Saturday, Nov. 10th, 1900. For full particulars see page 284.

No. 538.]

TRANSMISSION AT
BOOK RATES.

WEEK ENDING NOVEMBER 10, 1900.

ENTERED AT
STATIONERS' HALL.

[ONE PENNY.]

THE poor man must go out and weather the storm, while the rich man can stay at home and storm at the weather.

MISTRESS (to servant): "Be careful not to spill any soup on the ladies' laps."
Biddy (new in service): "Yes, mum; where shall I spill it?"

JUDGE (sternly): "The next person who interrupts the proceedings will be expelled from the Court!"
The Prisoner (enthusiastically): "Hooray! Now I've done it! Lemme go!"

AN UNENVIABLE REPROOF.

Two little boys were invited out to tea at the house of a third little boy, and their mother told them that if there were cakes for tea, only to take one each.
At the tea-table a plate of very tiny cakes was passed round. Freddy, the elder boy, looked at the diminutive "baby" cakes a moment, and then took two, saying, as he did so, to his little brother:
"You may take two, Willie. I'm sure mamma didn't think they would be so very small."

"I BOUGHT this cane of you yesterday, and you said the handle was genuine ivory, but I find it's imitation!"
"Indeed? Why, I order my goods direct from Ceylon, but it's not impossible, of course, that the elephants there wear false teeth!"

HE: "If I should kiss you, what would you do?"
SHE (startled): "I never measure an emergency until it arises."
HE: "If this emergency arose now, how would you meet it?"
SHE (courageously): "Face to face."

AMONG THE ADVANTAGES.

A PRETTY, high-born girl engaged herself to a young tradesman, and never wavered in her determination to marry him, despite the gloomy forecasts of her friends, who predicted life-long misery for her.
"My child, do be advised," urged one of these well-meaning ladies, calling to see the radiant bride on the very eve of the wedding. "I am an older woman than you, and have seen more of the world, and it always makes me sad to hear of a nice girl marrying beneath her station. It is social suicide."
"Then, from a social standpoint, consider me dead," smiled the light-hearted girl, "for I shall certainly marry Tom to-morrow. We reckoned up the situation long ago, and found a whole host of advantages; but not a solitary thing could we discover to place on the disadvantage side."
"Then you couldn't have searched very far, my dear," said her counsellor icily. "Take my own case. Much as I love you, I shall be unable to visit you when you are married. Have you bargained for that?"
The bride blushed.
"Oh, yes, indeed," she answered hastily. "We put that down first of all!"

"WE are told to cast our bread upon the waters," said a young wife.
"But don't you do it," said her husband. "A vessel might run against it and get wrecked!"

"WHAT'S this?" exclaimed the young husband, referring to the memorandum she had given him. "One dozen eggs, one pound of raisins, a bottle of lemon extract, a tin of ground cinnamon, and half-a-pound of sugar. What do you want with all these things, Belinda?"
"I've got a stale loaf," replied the young wife, "that I'm going to save by working it up into a bread pudding. I never let anything go to waste, Henry."
All rights reserved.]

THE KISS AT THE DOOR.

IN the days of the lance and the spur,
When the hero went forth to the fight,
Oft he carried a token from her,
Whom he worshipped as lover and knight.
And when fierce surged the battle around,
And when close pressed the merciless foe,
'Twas that token that drove off despair
And gave victory's strength to his blow.
Not a hero of knighthood am I,
But a warrior in industry's strife;
Where the lance that I wield is my pen,
And the lady I serve is my wife.
Yet a token I carry each day,
Full as precious as any of yore;
And it stoutsens my heart for the fray—
'Tis my love's morning kiss at the door.
For his faith will the martyr endure,
By the sunset the artist's inspired.
At the blast of the bugle and fife
Is the soldier to gallantry fired.
But whatever may others exalt,
For myself I shall ask nothing more
As a prompter to worthiest deeds
Than the kiss that I get at the door.

ELECTRIC FLUID.

SWANSEA has lately gone in for electric trams, adopting the trolley or overhead wire system.
A few nights since an old fellow, evidently a farmer, drew the attention of his fellow passengers on top of the car by keeping his big umbrella open, though the evening was fine.
Being asked why he did so, he replied that it was "to save his clothes, in case some of the pipes up there was leaky; he didn't want that electric fluid dropping on to his coat and hat, whatever."

UNFORTUNATE.

THE men, having laid out their kits in regulation order, await the commanding officer's appearance on his weekly inspection of barracks, and glance complacently at their respective kits—all except Recruty Stubbs, who is dissatisfied with the appearance of his.
The other men have adorned their shelves with photographs of friends.
Stubbs has no photographs to show, hence his dissatisfaction.
"Wait till next inspection," he says to himself.
Next inspection comes.
Stubbs' kit is surmounted with three beautiful cabinet photos of ladies.
Round comes the Colonel with the Adjutant at his heels.
Stubbs' kit is the last to be subjected to the scrutiny of the eagle eye of the Colonel.
The eagle eye roams approvingly over the kit, until it lights upon the photos, when it glints smouldering fire.
"What's this?" asks the Colonel pointing with his cane to a photo.
"Our cook at 'ome, sir," says Stubbs proudly.
It is a picture of the Adjutant's wife! Her hubby in the background is stricken dumb with indignation, and the Colonel's eagle eye flashes dark lightning.
"And who is this?" he says, indicating the second photograph.
"Our slavey, sir," answers Stubbs smartly.
It is a photo of the Colonel's daughter!
The eagle eye shoots hot, searching, blazing wrath.
"And this?" pointing to the third picture.
"Our washerwoman, sir."
The Colonel's wife!
"Take him away!" roared the Colonel, and Stubbs is bundled off to chokey.
Poor Stubbs! He had not been long enough in the regiment to become acquainted with the features of the officers' ladies, and thus he did not know who the originals of the photographs were when he purchased them at the local photographer's.

FATHER: "But do tell me, Alfred, how could you fail again?"
SON: "Well, you see, we had another examination."

FRIEND: "Does your town boast of a football team?"
Suburbanite: "No; we used to boast of one, but we have to apologise for it now."

MRS. A.: "Are you troubled much in your neighbourhood with borrowing?"
Mrs. B. (innocently): "Yes, a good deal. My neighbours don't seem to have anything I want."

HOW TO BEAR PAIN.

MULLER meets his friend Nagel at the Turkish baths. Each is troubled with a gouty foot, and has been ordered massage by his doctor. During the operation Muller cried out lustily with pain, whilst Nagel maintained a stolid composure, greatly to Muller's astonishment, who afterwards asked him:
"How could you stand the rubbing so quietly? Didn't it hurt you atrociously?"
"Nothing of the kind," smilingly replied Nagel. "I simply held out my healthy foot."

JUDGE: "How do you account for the fact that the man's watch was found in your pocket?"
Prisoner: "Your honour, life is made up of inexplicable mysteries, and I trust your honour will so instruct the jury."

A LITTLE boy was suffering from a severe cold, and his mother gave him a bottle of cough mixture to take while at school.
On his return she asked if he had taken his medicine.
"No," he candidly replied, "but Bobby Jones did. He liked it, so I swapped it with him for a handful of chestnuts."

WAITING FOR WIND.

SMALL BOY (on river bank): "Do you know 'bout weather?"
Old Gentleman: "I have studied meteorology a little."
"Well, I've been standin' here 'most an hour waitin' for the wind to blow hard, and it don't blow a bit. Do you think it will soon?"
"I shouldn't wonder, my little man. The sky looks very streaky. But what do you want of wind?"
"I want to have a swim."
"It does not require wind to go swimming."
"No; but mamma won't let me go in. That's why I want wind."
"I don't understand."
"You don't? It's a good time since you was a boy, isn't it?"
"Yes, a good while."
"And your mem'ry isn't very good, I s'pose?"
"Perhaps not. I certainly cannot recall any connection between wind and swimming."
"W'y, don't you see? If a wind comes along and blows my hat into the water, I can go after it and mamma won't say a word. She paid three and ninepence for that hat."

"MY husband, the professor, works all the time on his theory to establish perfect harmony between man and the universe."
"Do you assist him?"
"Dear me, no; I've got all I can do to keep cook in a good humour—he's always late for his meals."

"WHAT was the trouble between you and Willie Jones, Tommy?"
"Aw, I called 'im a Boxer."
"You shouldn't have done that. You know he is nothing of the kind."
"Aw, but he wuz. Look at me face!"

"WELL. YES—'TWENTY TEAZER'"

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.]

A FLIRTATION AND A TRAGEDY.

By Mary Farmer.

We were on the eve of sailing for Rio in the German liner *Elsa*, and the twilight mists were gathering over the busy quays of Hamburg as I sat and watched the incessant movement around me.

The police were in the act of inspecting our passports when a belated boat came alongside and a tall, slight woman appeared on deck. I could not distinguish her features, but one of the ship's lights gleamed on her fair hair as she passed to interview the captain.

I was within earshot, and I gathered from her hurried broken sentences that she had taken her passage by the *Elsa*, had sent her heavy luggage on board the preceding day, and now, at the eleventh hour, had been robbed of the case containing all her necessary papers.

The only comfort that the police authorities could afford her was the news that they were already in search of an expert jewel thief who had taken a considerable haul at the very hotel in which she was staying.

The poor girl's grief was all the greater as she was going out to be married. This fact transpired and was confided to the captain with a message for the gentleman who was to meet her at the other side.

"I trust you may yet find your papers, my dear young lady," said the captain kindly. "If not I will do my best to comfort Mr. Charles Redworth with the assurance that you will come by the next boat."

There was a little catch in her voice as she replied, and my sympathies were doubly aroused by my conviction that she was an Englishwoman.

In spite of her fluent and accurate German there was that in her voice and manner which made me claim her as a compatriot.

I had been visiting my only sister, now married and settled in Hamburg, and was bound for South America in search of "copy" and possible adventures.

The next morning Captain Braun came towards me, saying with a mischievous smile:

"Did you catch a glimpse of the bride-elect of the blighted hopes last night?"

"Yes, poor girl, I was sorry for her. It was beastly hard lines."

"Oh she's all right. She came on board the very last minute and had all her papers *en règle*."

"Well, I'm very glad. She'll be a safe friend for an unprotected bachelor like myself."

"By the way, what colour should you say her hair was?"

"Fair, with a dash of gold in it."

"So I thought, but the officer on duty when she arrived swears it's red."

"Oh, he's a Philistine or colour-blind! It's artist's gold, I'll swear."

"Well, we shall see by-and-by."

Miss Clara Ridley, the lady in question, did not give us much opportunity of deciding the matter that day, but I must confess the first hurried glimpse I caught of her did not realise the impression I had formed of her in my own mind.

The hair was several shades nearer red than I had fancied, which might be accounted for by the imperfect light in which I had seen her, and the perfectly self-possessed, almost stand-offish manner bore no resemblance to the pathetic frankness of her interview with the captain.

It was not till we were near Cuxhaven that I came to speech with her.

I was watching the rapidly receding shore, and the usual postcards were being offered for the sending of last messages by the pilot. Nearly everyone was availing himself of the chance, but I heard a lady near me decline the steward's offer in curt, sharp tones. I turned and saw Miss Ridley.

"Excuse me," she said, speaking English with a slight American accent. "Can you tell me who is on that boat?"

"The new pilot, I expect. We change here, I believe."

"Oh!" she said with a long drawn-out inquiry in the monosyllable. "But who is the man in uniform?"

"The harbour-master, probably."

"He looks like a policeman. How fond they are of uniforms!"

"Yes, it takes time to distinguish their various fixings. This man has practically the powers of a policeman if he finds anyone on board who is 'wanted' on shore."

She opened her eyes in amazement and asked:

"What do you mean? I thought the ship had been inspected already?"

"At Hamburg, yes. But that's not enough for the despotic German official. Everyone does not travel with the innocent and interesting motives that are taking you and me across the seas. People have been known to evade the first inspection, so if the captain's suspicions have been aroused he will now be able to hand the object of them over to this gentleman. Shall we watch the fun? I believe I have the pleasure of speaking to Miss Clara Ridley? May I say how glad I am you recovered your papers in time to sail with us."

Her eyes wore a curious expression as they met mine and she said:

"You saw me that night?"

"Yes, from a distance. I was not quite sure of your identity at first. May I introduce myself? Harley Grant, globe-trotter and scribbler. Head-quarters, Travellers' Club, London."

She bowed, gave me a pleasant smile and turned to watch the rapidly approaching boat.

"I must get my kodak," she said, just as it came alongside. And she disappeared.

Our voyage down Channel was uneventfully pleasant. There were not many ladies on board and it was soon

decided that Clara Ridley could give them all points and win easily.

Her chilling manner wore off, and as we got out to sea she revealed herself as a creature of many moods, with witchery in all of them.

Her only enemy was Madame Duchène, a French widow, who was going out to take charge of some motherless children at Rio, and who was annoyed at having to share a cabin with Miss Ridley.

I drifted into a rather close intercourse with Clara, partly from a deceptive sense of security. I had seen many specimens of the liner young lady in search of prey, and had always taken pains to avoid them.

Clara was engaged and on her way to marry another man. It seemed to me that as the distance between her and her lover decreased, her whole nature expanded and softened with loving anticipation.

I bore the usual amount of chaff with equanimity, and was amused at Madame's pointed remarks on the forwardness and fickleness of English girls.

Clara and I understood each other, why should we not enjoy the trip in our own way? She interested and, in a measure, mystified me. Her good taste was evinced by her unconcealed preference for my society.

We were sitting on deck one evening as we steamed down the coast of Portugal. The moonlight was gorgeous and made me inclined to sentiment. I said in a low tone:

"I wonder what it is like to know that every hour is bringing nearer the realisation of one's dearest hopes?"

"I wonder!" she said, looking out to sea. "Only the very young or the blindly credulous would count on such a thing."

There was a bitterness in her tone that surprised me. I said:

"I was hoping you would gratify my desire for information out of your own experience."

She pressed her lips together and then repeated the words: "Dearest hopes!" like a mocking echo.

"I parted company with all that sort of thing when I put my hair up," she added with a short laugh.

I looked at her in speechless wonder. This was a new phase, and either she was a consummate actress or an almost hopeless woman. All the joy had died out of her face and for a few moments she seemed unconscious of my presence. At last she spoke in a light, bantering tone:

"Dear me, what am I saying? Such words are treason from a bride-that-is-to-be. Forget them, and let us talk of something more cheerful."

I was not to be put off in this way, for the idea had suddenly occurred to me that she was being forced into an uncongenial marriage. I said earnestly:

"Forgive me. I have no wish to intrude on your affairs, but I am afraid you are not as happy as you would seem. There is something, some secret care that you hide from the world, and I want you to know that if I can help you, in any way, you may trust me as a friend. Will you?"

"What do you think? What do you mean?" she asked nervously, laying her hand on my arm.

I took her trembling fingers in mine and told her the little romance that I had woven out of the incident in the harbour and my new fear which threatened to shatter it. Her face cleared and she smiled brightly up at me, saying:

"You creatures of imagination make life quite interesting, and I see myself the heroine of a sentimental story. In reality I am most practical. But we all have our better moments and this is one of mine. I want you to believe that, whether we meet again after this trip or not, whatever the future may hold for me, however your opinions of me may change, remember that the last few days have been the sweetest and best in my unlucky life."

The next morning we anchored off Lisbon and most of us started to go ashore.

I looked in vain for Clara and inquired the reason of her absence.

"She has a headache," said a kindly lady.

"Her malady has more to do with her hair than her head," said Madame quickly.

I protested I did not understand the cynical allusion and Madame exclaimed:

"You English are so dull! *Ciel!* Don't I share her cabin and has she not asked me fifty times which is the best hair-dye made in Paris?"

There was no answer to this.

I wondered.

We spent the greater part of the day in Lisbon and when we returned Clara was still invisible. The next morning

I heard that she had gone ashore the first thing.

I had a batch of letters and papers to go through, and amongst them was a budget from my sister telling me the police were on the track of the Hamburg hotel thief. She was sending me a paper with the account.

I had lost interest in the matter now that Clara had recovered her property, but took up the roll of newspapers and looked for the paragraph.

I felt a light touch on my shoulder. It was a flick from Clara's suede glove, and she herself, clad in a most dainty costume, was standing beside me with a pretty touch of diffident inquiry in her manner.

I forgot the hideous suspicion about the hair and told her the news from Hamburg. She was quite excited, and we searched the papers through and through only to come to the conclusion that my sister had omitted the very sheet she had taken out to score with pen and ink for my benefit.

"Never mind," said Clara in answer to my regrets. "It may turn up later on, and then you can show it to me."

She went to her cabin and shortly re-appeared in a plain coat and skirt, carrying a little bag in her hand. The captain met her and I heard her ask to be taken ashore, as she had seen some lovely lace which she wanted to buy.

"Impossible, my dear young lady. We are off again directly."

"But I'll be back in a quarter of an hour, and if I'm late, I give you leave to go on without me."

"But what would someone say if I were to tell him that story?" asked Captain Braun mischievously. "I'm very

sorry to disappoint you, but the engines are moving already."

She turned away quickly, and I fancied I heard her mutter something between her teeth that sounded like "Too late."

After we left Lisbon the state of things altered materially, and not for the better. Some more passengers had joined us, the most noticeable of whom were a Portuguese priest and a pompous bouncer of a Brazilian officer, Don Luis, as we called him, who boasted much of the services he had rendered his country both in war and diplomacy. He spoke both English and German with comparative ease, and had a perfect knowledge of French.

I hated the man instinctively, and to make matters worse I had the humiliation of seeing myself quite cut out by him in the fickle Clara's affections.

In a very few days she had given me the go-by and was playing shamelessly into the hands of the enemy.

Our last night at sea arrived. Madame Duchène and I had been discussing Paul Bouget and Balzac till we found ourselves alone on deck.

The tropical moonlight cast a spell upon us and we drifted into silent contemplation of the lovely scene around us. Then the sound of voices came near. It was Clara and Don Luis.

"I can't help it," he was saying, "I believe you still care for that cold, stiff Englishman!"

"If I did I might be with him now. As it is I am with you, and have pledged you my word to marry you as soon as we land. What more do you expect?"

Apparently he sought another proof from her lips and was denied.

"Why not?" he persisted. "You will be mine to-morrow and will not refuse me then?"

"To-morrow is not to-night," came her answer. "We must get clear of the boat and these chattering-then—"

Her voice had sunk to a caressing whisper and we lost a few sentences. The next thing we heard was:

"I shall leave all my heavy luggage on board, and as for my wealth I carry that round my neck."

"Your wealth!" he repeated with ill-suppressed surprise; "but you told me you were penniless, and I was glad, for I have enough for both."

"I have no money. I have only a family heirloom, from which my mother told me never to part till I gave it into my husband's keeping."

Another interval of inaudible whispers ensued, and then a long-drawn "Ah!" of admiration from Don Luis.

"Yes, they are good, I know, and worth guarding jealously. No one on board suspects their existence, not even that prying Frenchwoman."

"There are no finer diamonds in Brazil, and that is saying a good deal," said Don Luis after a pause.

"Now, as a final proof of my good faith I will give them into your charge. You shall keep them for me till the Padre comes to marry us at Santa Lucia to-morrow. When we get to your sweet country home of which you have drawn such beautiful pictures and to which I look forward as a haven of rest, I will wear them for your eyes alone."

There was a note of passion in her voice, and I wondered if it concerned Don Luis or the prospect of escape from another.

I had been an unwilling listener, but Madame had insisted on remaining, and I could not give her away by declaring my presence. She waxed eloquent over the revelations of Miss Ridley's duplicity, and I felt uncomfortable. I was glad when she left me in an access of malicious triumph, and sat thinking over the strange turn of events.

A shadow fell across the deck and Clara Ridley stood beside me, her face wearing the softened, yearning look that I had seen on that night off Lisbon.

"You are angry, disgusted with me, I know," she began, "I have been seeking this chance all day. I want to bid you 'good-bye.'"

My first impulse was to escape, my next to laugh, and my third a curious desire to hear what she had to say.

Her words came thick and fast, there was no acting now. I could swear to that and I felt a return of the fascination she had once exercised over me. I told her I had been on deck for the last hour.

"You do not despise me more than I despise myself. I am in the meshes of a net of evil that I cannot break. Had things been otherwise, had I known what it was to love sooner, we might have parted, at least, as friends. It is too late! I know that, but what I said that night is true, true as the vow of the purest woman you know."

A quick sob of pain stopped her utterance, then she murmured:

"Forgive me for having been happy at your side. Pity me, if you can—"

She pressed her burning lips to my hand and left me before I had found words to answer her.

The next morning we had anchored in Bahia Bay, and when I came on deck I found everything in a state of tumult.

The police had boarded the *Elsa* immediately she was signalled, and had arrested the red-haired woman who had passed as Clara Ridley for the Hamburg jewel robbery.

"And the best of it all is that she gave the stolen goods into the hands of the very man who had come to run her down," said the captain.

"Who do you mean, not Don Luis?" I asked, mindful of what I had overheard between them.

"The very same, and right well he played his part. Now I understand why she wanted to go ashore at Lisbon. I suppose she'd heard they were on her track."

The riddle was explained. I confess to a pang of pity for the unhappy woman, and gave Madame Duchène a wide berth when she bore down upon me full of her own version of the story.

A month later I saw the real Clara Ridley re-united to her handsome lover, Charlie Redworth, whose acquaintance I had made under somewhat strange circumstances upon our arrival at Rio.

Yes, currants have risen in price considerably, but you can have a new cape for all that. A delightful pattern is given away with HOME NOTES this week.

A TOAST-MASTER'S QUEER DUTIES.

HOW UNRULY DINERS ARE DEALT WITH.

It is probably known to very few, even amongst regular diners at public banquets, how many and varied are the duties of a toast-master; tact and discrimination are as necessary to the successful performance of his duties as are good lungs and an imposing appearance.

The general impression is that the big-voiced man who majestically stands behind the chair of the president of the banquet has only to announce in stentorian tones: "My Lords and Gentlemen, be pleased to charge your glasses." That is the one part of his work which appears upon the surface, and it is a tribute to the skill of toast-masters in general that so little is known of their other performances. The writer, who recently at dinner sat next to a well known toast-master retained by one of the principal London restaurants, prevailed upon him to talk of some of his duties which do not obtrude themselves upon the diners.

It appears that to be a first-class toast-master, an excellent memory is indispensable; faces must be remembered, and titles have to be accurately borne in mind; peers, cabinet ministers, members of the Privy Council, and Members of Parliament must all be stored away and docketed in the minds of the few good toast-masters, ready to be produced as soon as the guests make their appearance at the door of the reception room before dinner. It is sometimes impossible not to mix two faces in one's mind, and that is a difficulty men with the best of memories cannot overcome.

If a toast-master finds himself in so awkward a situation, that astute gentleman does not look at the man, whom he has probably announced scores of times, and ask him his name for fear he would receive the somewhat obvious reply, "Surely you know me?" He adroitly turns his head away, and, bending down with his hand to his ear, he asks, "Your name, sir?"

The guest, assuming that his face has not been noticed, will thereupon give the information, and his name will be announced as he is greeted by the chairman. Occasionally it happens that a verbose gentleman, in proposing a minor toast, will be so overcome by his own eloquence that he cannot, or has no desire to, cease boring his hearers.

It would be discourteous to call upon him to stop, so the toast-master is quietly informed, or, more often than not, sees for himself, that the chairman does not desire the particular speech to be continued. Then the true artist comes in. A few gentlemen in various parts of the room will be quietly requested by the T. M. to give a good round of applause at the conclusion of the speaker's next peroration.

This is done, and before the cheers subside the stentorian voice of the T. M. will be heard announcing, "My Lords and Gentlemen, pray silence for your chairman." The speaker sits down in confusion, calls the T. M., and remonstrates with him. That wily individual apologises (with his tongue in his cheek) for his stupidity, and metaphorically kicks himself, and so makes his peace with the gentleman who probably thought the world was waiting open-mouthed to hear his words of wisdom.

Occasionally it will happen that one of the diners will choose his liquid refreshment without judgment, or will take it too freely, with the result that he is inclined to be noisy. Then again, the T. M., like the captain of a ship, will take in the situation with his practised eye. If he considers a further mixture of drinks will tend the unwelcome guest to sleep, he orders the wine steward to make the necessary arrangements to induce slumber. If, however, he thinks that remedy will not fit the case, he decides to get the gentleman quietly removed, for to do things quietly and without ostentation is part of his art.

One way of accomplishing this object is to approach the table at which the obnoxious person is seated and blandly inform him that a gentleman desires to speak with him at the door of the dining-room. If necessary it is stated the mythical personage will not enter as he is in morning dress.

The innocently impassive countenance of the T. M. readily overcomes any suspicion which might be entertained by the victim, who rises to the bait of the accomplished angler and goes to the door, but alas, not to return; for as soon as he has crossed the threshold his re-entry into the dining-room is barred by an adequate force of polite, but firm persons, who have been told off to see the guest off the premises.

If an argument arise, or even if there be a scrimmage, no matter; numbers tell, the diners are not disturbed, and the harmony is maintained owing to the efforts of the man at the helm.

BONES: "So you were at the Featherly's ball last night. Is Miss Featherly as beautiful as she is made out to be?"

GROANS: "Well, hardly. She is as beautiful as she is made up to be."

SOME GOOD ELECTION STORIES.

Fishy.

WHILE the election business was being briskly carried on in a fishing village in South Dorset, a man was canvassed on behalf of the Unionist candidate.

"No," he decisively replied, "I be goin' to vote Radical." On being pressed for his reasons for so doing, he explained:

"Yess, I be goin' to vote Radical, 'cause, when the Conservatives is in, the mackerel sayson be always poor."

Listening at a Sa'ary.

THE candidate, a man who thought himself a fit personage to become an M.P., was giving the first speech of the "campaign."

The hall was at first pretty full, but the audience was not long in finding out with whom they had to do, and began to go out one by one.

At last only one remained and he listened with great attention, thus encouraging the candidate to continue.

At the end of half-an-hour the speaker stopped and politely asked:

"I beg your pardon, sir, but I hope I am not trespassing on your kindness. I shall have finished in ten minutes."

"Ten minutes? You can go on all night if you like, so long as you don't forget that you engaged me by the hour."

Then the unhappy man perceived, too late, that it was the cabby who had driven him to the hall.

A Cabinet-Maker.

THE following little speech was made at a place not a hundred miles from Leeds, at a small banquet given to celebrate the return of its member.

After toasting the Royal Family, one of the gentlemen, who had been toasting too vigorously, rose and said:

"Gentlemen, after that outburst of loyalty, I beg to propose the health of our Member, who is a man of whom this constituency should be proud—a man who not only knows what is the essence of politics, but the foundation of business. He has been successfully engaged in the whole-sale furniture trade for over a quarter of a century, so if he does not understand what good bedroom and drawing-room suites are, who does? We have done our duty in sending a practical man. I may vouch, that when our Member enters the House, Lord Salisbury, with his usual foresight and tact, will command him, at once, to make a 'Cabinet,' knowing, by our Member's extensive advertising, his thorough efficiency in 'Cabinet-Making.'"

The speaker is still wondering why his well-intended speech was received with laughter and ironical cheers.

Mistaken.

AT a polling station in Aberdeen the majority of the voters were quarry workers, not well acquainted with the rules of voting. As they arrived they were asked their names by the policemen at the door.

Instead of giving their own names, they mentioned their candidate's name—Pirie or Williams—which greatly annoyed the doorkeepers.

After a consultation they agreed to frighten the next man who said "Pirie."

In walked a small Scot. The men in blue crowded round.

"What's yer name?" demanded one.

"Pirie," was the reply.

Instantly they seized him, hustled, and otherwise knocked him about, to the great amusement of other voters.

When the little man recovered his breath, he nervously squeaked out:

"What's wrang? What for am I sae badly used? A'm John Pirie, Upper Kirkgate, Aberdeen!"

The policemen collapsed.

A Pleading Incident.

AT a colliery village in the Mid-Durham Division, a supporter of the Liberal candidate called at the house of a miner to solicit his vote.

"Oh, yes," said the miner, "I'll see that he gets my vote; been in Parliament before; he's an oldish fellow, isn't he?"

"Yes," said the interested one.

"All right," said the miner, "I'll be up and give him my vote on polling day," and the man went away pleased with his success.

Next day the miner was called upon by a gentleman interested in the Conservative party, asking his vote on behalf of the one whom he represented.

"Oh, yes," said the miner, with a modest countenance, "I was going to give him my vote. Quite a young fellow, isn't he?"

"Yes," said the gentleman.

"Oh, I'm sure to give him my vote, then," said the miner.

"We want the young 'uns in, the old 'uns have been in long enough. I'll be up and give him my vote," and away the visitor went in high glee.

After he had gone, Betsy, the miner's wife, said:

"Ralph, do you know what you've done?"

"What?" said the miner.

"Why you promised your vote to the man that was here yesterday, and now you have promised it to the man that has just left."

"You don't understand, Betsy," said the miner. "Didn't you see how pleased the gent was yesterday when I told him I would vote for his man?"

"Yes," said Betsy.

"And did you notice how pleased the man was that has just gone away, when I told him I would vote for his side?"

"Yes," said Betsy.

"Well," said the miner, "I pleased them both, and when polling-day comes I'll please myself, and we will all be pleased together."

BOYS, KISS YOUR MOTHER.

OUR WANT OF FILIAL RESPECT SHOCKS THE FOREIGNER.

THERE is one feature of our social life which forces itself most unpleasantly upon the attention of the observant; this is, the lack of filial affection. The flippancy with which our boys and young men speak of their parents is more striking to the inhabitants of certain other countries than it is to us, for the reason that we are becoming accustomed to it.

"The other day," said a Frenchman to P.W., "I was in a shop in Regent Street, when a well-dressed young fellow entered, and asked the chief assistant if 'my old man' had been in. He uttered the words in a manner which made them equivalent to 'my silly old father.' Now, I happen to know that the father is a much better man than the son will ever be."

Such irreverence for one's parents was a sin in the eyes of the speaker, for in France filial affection is strong. We have seen a letter from a Frenchman about thirty years of age—a letter written in connection with his intended marriage—in which he speaks of his father, who had been dead some years, with a reverence and an amount of affection that would startle most of the men in this country. And this is by no means uncommon.

Among Chinamen, whose customs excite our derision and horror, any short-coming in filial affection is regarded as a great sin; and the usual tone adopted by our youths in this respect would cause the Celestial to be more than ever convinced that he is correct in describing us as barbarians. In that benighted country, sons and daughters sell themselves into slavery in order to relieve their parents from debt.

What is the cause of this irreverence? Several answers have been given to this question, but we doubt whether the right one has been advanced. We complain that our system of education is making our children and young people less polite, and this stands as the reply to the inquiry; whether our educational system be responsible for it or not, there can be no doubt about the fact that the manners of the rising generation leave considerable room for improvement, but to our mind we must go elsewhere to find out why filial affection is comparatively weak amongst us.

Is it not in the highest degree probable that the very characteristic which has made the British race what it is—namely, our self-reliance—must be held responsible for the weakness of our love for our parents? We British, more than any other people, are taught to rely upon ourselves, to stand on our own feet; it is to this that we owe the possession of the mightiest Empire that the world has ever seen, and it is this confidence in ourselves that enables us to fulfil the gigantic task of maintaining that Empire. We imbibe this feeling from our earliest days, it strengthens as we grow up, and it is this which—unconsciously, no doubt—weakens our affection for our parents.

In France, for instance, the influence of the parent is felt to a far greater extent; it is not only exercised during childhood and youth, but also in manhood, as witness the fact that the parent arranges for his son to be married to a certain young woman and practically settles the affair, the son being almost a cipher in the matter. Every parent on the other side of the Channel continually has in mind the necessity—as he thinks—of scraping and saving in order to hand over a snug little sum to his children either on the occasion of their marriage or when he dies, or both.

In this country our children are allowed more individual action, and most parents believe that they have done their duty when they have given their children good education or have otherwise fitted them to make a good start in the battle of life. The children can make money for themselves.

As a proof of the contention put forward in the preceding paragraphs, we have only to remember that our boys seem to consider it a sign of weakness to kiss their mothers or show any special affection for their fathers, if such exhibitions of love are likely to become known. The cheek of the ordinary boy reddens at the bare thought that his chums may consider him a mollycoddle, which they would most likely do if they knew that he kissed his mother. The spirit of independence burns brightly in all boys.

On the other hand, our girls—who have had less to do in the making of our Empire—are less averse to showing affection. In them the spirit of self-reliance has not been inculcated to the same extent, and as a consequence they are stronger in filial affection.

It does not follow that the two sentiments are incompatible, and it behoves the instructors of the rising generation to teach them this fact.

TWENTY TEAZER.

How imposing these words look,
don't they? Let us repeat them.

TWENTY TEAZER.

Stories to suit every taste will be found in this week's SHORT STORIES.

Questions Worth Answering.

Half-a-crown is paid for every Question used, and Replies at the rate of two guineas a column.

REPLIES.

5277. Did Parliament ever Place any Restriction on the Sending of English Newspapers to the Continent?

It is a little more than a century ago that Parliament passed an Act prohibiting the sending of newspapers to certain countries. Pitt (who was the author of this Act) and his colleagues of the Government held the opinion that the newspapers which criticised the Administration in an unfriendly spirit were guilty of sedition. As a consequence, many printers and publishers were prosecuted, fined, and even imprisoned, the charges brought against them being generally of a somewhat flimsy nature. It was to strengthen his hands in this respect that Pitt introduced his Newspaper Act in April, 1798, which was intended to prevent "the mischief arising from newspapers being printed and published by persons unknown, and for regulating them in other respects." One of the clauses in the Act was that "every person who, during the present war, shall send any newspaper into any country not in amity with His Majesty shall forfeit £500." The Bill was denounced by Sheridan, Lord William Russell, Sir William Pulteney, and Sir Francis Burdett, but the Government defied all opposition.

5278. When were Moving Forts Last Used in Warfare?

In 1250, at Mansourah, in Egypt, where Louis IX. of France fought the last of the great pitched battles of the Crusades. The king found the Ashmoun Canal—one of the Damietta branches of the Nile—between him and the town, and he decided to fill it up with earth at one point and construct a solid causeway across it. To protect his soldiery while engaged in this work he ran two high sheltering movable towers or forts made of wood down to the water's edge. The Egyptians replied by hurling large stones and barrels of combustible matter which completely burnt the towers, and when these were replaced by others they shared the same fate, so that it was impossible to complete the causeway, and a new point of attack had to be found. The increasing use of combustibles in war, which sixty years before had driven Richard Cœur de Lion to the costly expedient of coating his movable forts before the walls of Acre with iron plates, ultimately made these siege appliances worthless, and in the course of the thirteenth century they fell into disuse altogether.

5279. Which English Institution is Most Unlike Anything to be Found in Foreign Countries?

The House of Lords. The peculiar legislative powers and privileges of the Peerage exist now nowhere beyond the shores of Great Britain. Even the British colonies have shown no inclination to seek for the creation of a body of hereditary legislators; and other countries which have set up a second chamber have modelled it on different principles. The right of a Peer to sit in the council of the realm is inalienable, and not even the Sovereign can refuse him the Summons to the House—a fact which at once distinguishes the limited monarchy of Britain from all absolute and autocratic systems. But the Sovereign has the right—which was nearly used to over-ride the House when it offered resistance to the first Reform Bill—of adding any number of persons to the assembly, and this again distinguishes its functions from an oligarchy towards which the constitution might otherwise tend. The House of Lords represents the Great Council of Saxon days, modified, but not transformed by feudal influences.

5280. When were Fireships First Used?

At the siege of Tyre in B.C. 332. Alexander the Great, who was besieging the city, had nearly completed a causeway by which he intended to cross from the mainland to the island on which Tyre stood. Against

this causeway the Tyrians dispatched a burning ship. The device succeeded, and, for the time Alexander's plans were frustrated. In B.C. 190 the Rhodians employed them against Antiochus the Great of Asia, and almost entirely destroyed his fleet. They were made use of by the Crusaders at the siege of Acre in 1189. At the siege of Antwerp, in 1585, the most successful fireship in history was used by the Dutch to destroy the Spanish bridge over the Scheldt. The vessel was lined with marble five feet thick. In this crater were placed 7,000lb. of gunpowder, and it was then roofed with tombstones. On the roof was a hollow pyramid of marble slabs, filled with millstones and cannon-balls. The explosion was effected by clock-work, and the effect was terrific. A large piece of the bridge was carried away, and a thousand soldiers were destroyed in a moment.

5281. Which was the First Sunday Newspaper Published?

The *Mercurius Aulicus*, the organ of the Court party, was published on Sunday during the residence of Charles I. at Oxford in 1642—its editor being a Cavalier named Sir John Birkenhead. Afterwards the intermittent publication of so-called newspapers sometimes led to their appearance upon a Sunday, but the first regular Sunday journal was the *British Gazette and Sunday Monitor*, published by a printer of the name of Johnson, and which first appeared on August 4th, 1782. Following it, in 1791, came the *Observer*—the oldest Sunday paper still in existence—*Bell's Messenger*, in 1796, and the *Weekly Dispatch*, in 1801. By 1838 the weekly sale of the last-named had risen to what was then described as "the astonishing number" of 49,230 copies, the stamps purchased by it under the Newspaper Acts, for December of the same year, being, according to official returns, 240,000.

5282. Which of the Passions has Most Influenced the Progress of Mankind?

There is no doubt that the most primitive of all human passions is that of gain; in other words, the impulse to satisfy human desires. It was this which led the earliest men to fight each other for the best pastures and the most fertile land, just as to-day it compels the colonist to open up unknown countries and the great nations of the earth to support enormous armaments, lest others should plunder them of territory or treasures. Out of this passion, too, springs that of ambition, the desire to be great, famous, or wealthy. Even the purest of ambitions, that which prompts a man to devote his life to the service of his fellow-creatures, is still a kind of sublimated selfishness. The first law of human nature is that of self-preservation, and the human passions of greed and ambition, by whatever name they may be called, must, therefore, always have most to do with the advancement of the individual and of the race.

5283. What would be the Commercial Effect of the Certain Knowledge that the World was Coming to an End in Fifty Years?

The first effect would be rather social and moral than commercial, though, of course, it would react very strongly on the business world. Those who in the ordinary course of affairs would be dead before fifty years had passed would be the least affected, and younger people would probably become as resigned to universal death as they are now to the equally certain individual death. Therefore, at first there would be but little change. People would have to live and therefore they would have to work, while capitalists would have to keep their money invested; but as the last year of the world came nearer enterprise and industry would naturally slacken. It would be no use for parents to work for their children, or even for children to be educated for the life they would never live, and so the industrial fabric would gradually crumble away as men ceased to provide for a day that would never come. Commercial activity would probably give place to religious frenzy on the one hand and apathy or boundless license on the other. Under these circumstances the last few years of the world's life would be appalling beyond description.

5284. Which Subject Race has Kept its Individuality for the Longest Time?

The Jews and Armenians are striking examples of races whose characteristics have remained unaltered through nearly two thousand years of bondage, but a still more remarkable example is afforded by the Egyptians. The fertile delta of the Nile since the dawn of history has seen an almost continuous succession of conquerors sweep across its plains, flourish for a century, and disappear even as they came. Its earliest records tell of subjection by an alien dynasty, and each of the world's great conquerors, Alexander, Caesar, Mohammed, and Napoleon have, in turn, called Egypt their own. But the native Egyptians, like the Nile reed, have bent in turn to each successive blast, and emerged unaltered and unalterable. Even their domestic implements are the same which they used in the days of the Pharaohs. They have learnt subjection from their long servitude to the Nile, on which they are absolutely dependent for their means of livelihood. Even Islam has been unable to inspire them with enterprise, and they live on in bland contempt of the bustling civilisations of which they have seen the dawn, and confidently expect one day to see the decay.

5285. Why is it an Advantage for some Animals to be without Feet?

The hoofed animals, like the horse and the stag, have strictly speaking, no feet, for they walk on their nails, and their foot has become a part of their leg. The advantage seems to be a lengthening of the stride, just as a trained athlete learns to run on his toes to increase his pace; there is also the further advantage of no soft part to be injured by contact with the ground. Some monkeys have four hands, which must be a great advantage in climbing. The absence of legs, as well as feet, is an advantage to many animals that have to travel rapidly through the water, or between the branches of trees, or other obstructions. Legs would be but an obstruction to the tadpole while he swims by means of his powerful tail, but when he leaves the water, legs and feet become an advantage. So the snake is able to creep through underwood and into small holes with far greater ease without legs, and even the slow-worm, which seems such an helpless animal on flat ground, can creep through a hedge with remarkable ease and speed. The rudiments of legs are to be found in many snakes, so that there can be but little doubt that the absence of legs has proved an advantage, and that natural selection has removed them.

5286. Which Scientific Discovery was Received with the Greatest Incredulity?

Possibly that disclosed by Copernicus when he refuted the Ptolemaic theory, and showed that the earth was not the centre of the universe, but that it had a daily rotation on its axis and an annual revolution around the sun. This discovery was received with disdain by the philosophers and the clergy. Luther denounced the discoverer as an arrogant fool who wrote in defiance of Scripture, and Melancthon urged the suppression of such mischievous doctrines by the secular power. What Galileo suffered in adhering to and developing the discovery is a matter of history. Other scientific discoveries were met with almost equal incredulity. Newton found few who were capable of understanding his new way of reasoning, and some of the most celebrated astronomers of the day derided his discovery of gravitation. Franklin's discovery of the identity of lightning and electricity and its universality throughout nature was incredulously received; his paper on the subject, read before the Royal Society, was greeted with sneers and laughter. The same may be said of Harvey's discovery in the seventeenth century of the circulation of the blood, and of Lavoisier's discovery in the eighteenth century of the true theory of combustion. In recent times Darwin's discovery of evolution met with the most widespread opposition and incredulity, and we must recall the persecution of Galileo to find a parallel for the vindictive enmity which pursued the great naturalist for several years after he published his famous "Origin of Species."

QUESTIONS.

5311. Which is the first example of an English king subsidising a foreign monarch?
5312. Was artists' canvas ever taxed?
5313. Is the far-known expression, "Monks of St. Bernard," a misnomer?
5314. Was ever an English singer credited with causing an eruption of Vesuvius?
5315. Whence does the "hornpipe" take its name?
5316. Has the option of transportation ever been offered to criminals actually condemned to death?
5317. Have five-pound gold pieces been coined before the present reign?
5318. Which of our statesmen mistook "the land of the leal" to mean Scotland?
5319. Does any precious stone give light in total darkness?
5320. When were the box-doors of an English theatre nailed up by the management, and festooned with crepe, as a satire on the bad patronage of the upper classes?

CONDITIONS.

We shall be glad to receive from our readers replies to any of the questions asked here. Each reply must bear the writer's name and address. We shall print the best reply to each question, and shall pay at the rate of two guineas a column for all matter printed. The same reader may send replies to any number of queries, whether his own or not. Envelopes should be marked "Replies" in the top left-hand corner, and answers to the questions in any issue of the paper must reach us by first post on the Monday of the week following that for which the paper is dated. Payment will only be made for replies published. Authorities on which replies are based must be given where possible. Half-a-crown will be paid on publication for every question published which is considered worthy of insertion.

"He has a very lofty brow, I think."
"Yes, and if it were to get any loftier it would hit him in the back of the neck."

Mrs. GOODE: "You are the sixth man who has asked me for something to eat to-day."

The Tramp (sadly): "I s'pose so. If de competition in this line gets any worse, some of us'll have to go to work."

AFFABLE PASSENGER: "Indeed, and you are a music-hall artiste. I am a banker, and I think it is twenty years since I was in a music-hall."

Music-hall Artiste (regretfully): "And I'm certain it's twenty years since I was in a bank."

WHAT IT'S COMING TO.—Applicant: "How many servants do you keep?"

Mistress: "Three."

Applicant: "And where do they live?"

Mistress: "Oh, we don't mind moving to anywhere you may want to go."

Founded 1871.

The OCEAN Accident and Guarantee Corporation Ltd.

(Empowered by Special Act of Parliament.)

Capital Authorised £1,000,000 | Income, 1899 - £748,732
Capital Subscribed £500,000 | Reserves Dec. 31st, 1899 } £753,121

Funds, 31st Dec., 1899 (exclusive of Uncalled Capital), £1,518,696.

Fidelity Guarantees. Burglary Insurance.

The Bonds of this Corporation are accepted by all Departments of H.M. Government.

Employers' Indemnity. Mortgage Insurance.

(Workmen and Third Parties.) Excess Bad Debt Insurance.

Sickness Insurance. Seller and Lift Inspection and Insurance.

The "Advanced" Policy of The Ocean Corporation, insuring against Accident, Sickness, or Permanent Incapacity, and World-wide as to travel, is the most comprehensive and liberal contract yet offered to the public.

SEND FOR PROSPECTUS.

HEAD OFFICE: R. J. PAULL,

28 to 44, MOORGATE ST., LONDON, E.C. General Manager and Secretary.

The C.I.V.'s have returned, and will be glad of all the home comforts they can get. Then read HOME NOTES.

M.P.'s FOR A FEW DAYS ONLY.

LEGISLATORS WHO HAVE BEEN UNSEATED.

ONE of the vainest tricks was that charged against the agent of a Member elected for the ancient borough of Pontefract.

Quite a number of electors of a certain way of thinking got urgent telegrams bidding them attend the bedside of dying relations at a great distance. The moneyed aunt of one man was taken suddenly bad at Goose Green, near London. The wife of another had been run over at Kidderminster. The brother of another wired mysteriously that unless the recipient at once took train for Greenwich "all would be over." Even where repeat messages were asked for, the replies duly came back. About a dozen electors found themselves speeding in different directions on the very day they should have been at the polls. The M.P. of a few weeks was held responsible for all this, and he had to go.

A candidate for Truro had the misfortune to lose the manuscript of an important speech he had intended delivering. So great was his anxiety about this that his agent gave very private notice in various quarters that ten pounds would be paid to anyone bringing the document back. This was on the very eve of the poll.

It was curious that on the very morning of the poll about twenty political waverers should each find a manuscript copy of the lost speech on his premises. Perhaps the wind blew the multiplied copies in. Anyhow, each finder got his ten pounds' reward. The lost speech must have convinced all who found it, for all the reward claimers voted for the man who had lost that speech. He afterwards lost the seat.

The kindly wife of a candidate for the cathedral city of Beverley did a great deal of good amongst the poor and lowly. During the year she generally gave away many simple remedies. Chest complaints always seemed to increase about election time, probably because so many persons shouted themselves hoarse. The lady had a specific in the way of certain plasters. The stuff to spread on the plasters was contained in chip boxes; and the plaster itself was a tough, crisp paper, such as would best confine any substance spread over it. It was generally handed to the afflicted man's wife, with full directions as to use.

The husband of this lady denied that he knew that the plasters were five-pound notes. The lady had in some cases offered her humble friends sandwiches out of her own box. By a strange chance, bank notes had crept in between the slices of bread. Her husband lost his chance of representing Beverley.

There was what the late Baron Martin called a very cruel trick played at a Rotherham election. Several working men of pronounced opinions received, just on the eve of an election, letters from a great firm of London or other solicitors. The letters pointed out that a client of theirs had just returned from Australia. He was all but dying, and was the owner of half-a-million sterling. He had directed them to write to the recipient of the letter, as the only living relation he had remaining. A small sum of money was inclosed to enable the receiver of the letter to journey up to London or elsewhere to see the dying man. On no account was the former to say anything in the town as to his rich relation, who had years before left the place in disgrace. The will was not to be signed till the rich stranger had seen his poor relation and convinced himself that he was a proper person to manage so vast a fortune.

Some thirty secretive and ardent but humble politicians never stopped for one instant to remember that the only and sole day appointed for the interview was that of the election, expected to be a very close thing. To all points of the compass did the expectant heirs journey, only to find that they had been hoaxed. Their candidate at Rotherham was defeated. And the worst of it was that this little device was never successfully traced to anybody.

Some years ago, a young medical man emigrated from a district near Bradford, in Yorkshire, just about the time of an election petition. He had been every bit as assiduous as a politician as he had as a medical man. Just before a Parliamentary election, he had looked up all the invalids amongst the electors of a certain way of thinking. He had not told them that he was the parish doctor of a certain district. But he had told them that he was the doctor for the "Convalescents' Aid Society," a private body never before heard of, but which, as he said, sent poor people away to the seaside.

He sent away quite fifty people to recuperate, the election day coming at the very time of their sojourn by the sea. To more than a hundred more he gave gratis medicines. The gratis medicine receivers afterwards found that their votes were challenged, as they had accepted charity from the parish. The convalescents who had received two pounds each to go away with, had expected a further sum to be sent. But only a day or two after the election, it seemed that the "Convalescents' Aid Society" had run short both of a postal address and of funds, and the invalids had to get back home as best they could. Unkind people said the medico had juggled with about two hundred votes. He treated the insinuation with lofty disdain, not even troubling to leave any new address.

His Proposal.

SHE knew he loved her by each glance,
Though he'd not spoken;
His hand's quick pressure in the dance,
Each flower and token.
She waited for the story old
As she had read it,
But though his eyes the legend told
He never said it!

He sang to her in verses sweet,
His accents sued her;
He played the banjo at her feet,
With coon songs wooed her;
On smooth yacht decks all golden glow,
Where starlight blended,
Till she began to think him slow
As well as splendid!

She led him into quiet nooks,
On stairs, demurely,
Where lights were low and tender looks
Might pass securely.
And when the band throbbled some deep hymn
Or old song story,
She steered him gently for the dim
Conservatory!

But in a crowded cable car
One rainy morning,
They rode with many a jolt and jar,
The weather scorning;
Till, swerving round a curve, she leaned
Against his shoulder,
And safely by her big hat screened,
'Twas then he told her!

"Verbal" All Round.

HERE is a story which a theatrical manager tells against himself. An actor came to him and applied for an engagement. There did not seem to be much need of him, but his demands in the way of salary were very modest, and the manager said to him:

"Well, you may consider yourself engaged. I fancy I can find something for you to do."
The newly-engaged man looked at the manager questioningly.

"How about a contract?" he asked.
"Oh, never mind a contract. We'll have a verbal contract."

There was a look of mild reproach in the eyes of the man as he answered sorrowfully:

"Sir, the last time I made a verbal contract I drew a verbal salary."

An Ingenious Urchin.

SOME time ago a gentleman, whose fruit orchards had been systematically robbed, caught a boy up one of his trees.

"Come down, you young rascal!" shouted the irate owner.

"Naa fears, and you there," replied the urchin.

"Well, I'll wait till you do."

"Verra weel."

They had waited about an hour, when an idea occurred to the lad. Snatching an apple, he took a steady aim, and hit the old fellow on the head with it.

"Hullo, what's up now?"

"It's just this—I'm gaun to keep peltin' till every apple's off the tree, unless ye promise not to lick me, for if I am gaun to get a hidin', I'm gaun to hae me sport for it. What d'ye say?"

And the old fellow had to agree.

NEPHEW: "Oh, the gout is nothing, uncle. I shouldn't mind if I had it."

UNCLE: "I shouldn't mind, either, if you had it."

TEACHER: "Johnny, always remember to be a good boy and walk in the steps of good men, policemen for instance."

JOHNNY: "Please teacher, I always do when it is snowing."

"FRED, don't you hear the baby crying, get up and rock him."

"Go and rock it yourself."

"But, Fred, half belongs to me and half to you."

"All right, go and rock your half, and let my half howl."

"You have been in another fight, Tommy," said the mother to her seven year old boy.

"No, I wuzn't," was the dogged reply.

"Why, Tommy, I can tell by your appearance that you have been fighting. Your face is all scratched up. You mustn't tell a story about it."

"I ain't telling no story. I said I wuzn't in it, an' I wuzn't."

SHOULD THERE BE FOOTBALL HANDICAPS?

READ THIS ARTICLE AND JUDGE FOR YOURSELF.

OF the many thousands of football matches which are played in this country every Saturday there is no end to the number of games which would be all the more interesting were there such a thing as football handicaps.

In nearly all kinds of sport competitions the competitors are handicapped in some form or other. In swimming, cycle racing, running, and the like, it takes the form of so many yards, whilst in yachting there is a time allowance which is based upon the size and cut of the boat, sail area, and the condition of the elements. Then, again, horse-racing is made all the more keen by the handicap according to weight.

In all these branches of sport it is admitted that interest in the racing is sustained and made all the more exciting by the method of handicapping, and it is difficult to believe that what applies to the majority would not equally do so in the cases of football and even cricket.

To introduce handicapping into Association football, it would first be necessary to introduce points into the game. It has often been complained of that there is no intermediary "stepping-stone" between a goal. In Rugby, of course, things are different, and it is indirectly attributed to having introduced many forms of scoring, that the game is so very popular in many parts of the country, and is gathering more supporters every year. Players are given a far better chance to distinguish themselves in the Rugby game, so that the introduction of points into "Soccer" would not be likely to have a detrimental effect.

If a goal counted as five points, a "corner" might very well count as one or two points, so that the result of all Association games would be counted in points and not merely in the number of goals scored, as is the case under existing rules. Once having introduced this reform the handicapping would be reduced to a simple matter.

All clubs would be affiliated to their respective county centres, and on the morning of playing the match the secretaries of both clubs would receive by post from headquarters the official handicapping as arranged by a joint committee of referees and others.

It is all the more easy to see the fairness and good effect of this when the argument is simplified.

We will presume that the Rovers and the Swifts are teams in the same town and their first fixture is a couple of months from the start of the season. Maybe the Rovers have got together a first class team—even at the expense of their opponents—and the result of the fixture is a foregone conclusion. The Swifts started the season with several new hands as the result of having their best men poached, and being handicapped in this manner they suffer defeat upon defeat, and, in losing heart, matters go from bad to worse.

The above is a case in which a handicap would be certain of a good and substantial effect. Although in the "slump of despair," the Swifts would be given a fair chance, and we should not hear so much of teams losing heart early in the season as is the case at present in many instances.

How far handicapping could be thus carried on is purely a matter of opinion, and could only be solved after the question had been on the anvil of discussion among the leading authorities.

There is, however, another issue to which handicapping applies to football matches, and this is in respect to the ground upon which the game is played.

Where the teams are pretty evenly matched, a very great deal depends upon the ground on which the game will be played. To many teams it is at least worth a goal to them to play on their own territory, and the writer knows of many grounds—those of Association and Rugby teams—on which the teams that play there regularly can absolutely rely upon beating visiting teams by a substantial number of points, whereas, on a strange piece of land they would, no doubt, have difficulty in preventing a severe reverse.

Grounds with a gentle slope in one corner—scarcely noticeable to the average eye, but very prominent to the players—are by no means so uncommon as some are inclined to believe; there are a few grounds which have actually been constructed in this way, for very obvious reasons. In such cases it would be only fair to handicap by a few points the team playing at home.

Above are but the elementary arguments to the widely interesting question. The pros and cons are, of course, innumerable, but it might be expected that football will undergo some reform in this respect before many seasons go by. There is even a stronger case for cricket. Not a summer passes but that reform of some kind is made the topic of discussion, and it is just possible that the germ of a solution will be found in the foregoing.

Every reader of *Pearson's Weekly* should read *Pearson's Daily*,

THE EXPRESS.

It is the best and most interesting newspaper published and only costs 1d. 2

CATCH PHRASES OF THE CENTURY

SOMETHING TO LAUGH AT FOR ONE HUNDRED YEARS.

THE now well-known phrase started by P.W.—“Have you got that Ten-Pound Note?”—is the most popular of any that has helped to enliven monotonous life for the past hundred years.

Such is the opinion of P.W. readers who have lived long years and who are old enough to remember, in the days that stretch far away into the past, the existence of other catch-phrases which held the ear and commanded the language of your fathers.

There was “Quoz!” for instance. That does not sound a very inviting catch-phrase; in fact, you are inclined to think that there is nothing in it. But there was a great deal in it when it was in vogue.

Your fathers who flourished in the first half of the past century thought it an exceedingly smart *bon mot*, to give it in the better expressed French term, and they kept it going for a long time. It took the fancy of the people in the most extraordinary way, and they shouted “Quoz!” at anybody or anything to the infinite amusement of men, women, and children. It was equivalent to a good many of our ejaculations; it fitted in with our “Thank you”; it was used as a term of derision, of sarcasm, as a playful ejaculation. Instead of your going nap on anything you went “Quoz!”; instead of your fathers exclaiming “What ho!” they said “Quoz!” in fact, its varied use was great.

When friends met and wit and merry-making were at a discount, a wag had only to utter the talismanic word “Quoz,” and the saddened company threw out its chest and roared.

When a man paid an account the receiver said: “THAT’S QUOZ!”

When a person thought it prudent not to answer another’s question, the decision of the former was conveyed in the guttural utterance of the mystic monosyllable.

Everybody said “Quoz!” whether they knew what it meant or not, and it was written upon the walls, for it had come to stick.

Another notable phrase of the century was “Oh, what a shocking bad hat!”

At any rate the words have meaning and they suggest much humour, but it did not live like the idiomatic “Quoz.”

This second phrase did not penetrate further than the circle of hats, but it caused no end of side-splitting laughter and often uncomfortable banter on the part of the oppressed. Eyes were on the look out for a man with a hat that looked shabby, when the wearer was at once greeted with the phrase.

It did not always stand on the mere exclamation. Rough horse-play was often indulged in, your hat was knocked off and kicked into the gutter accompanied with the shout:

“Oh, what a shocking bad hat!”

This filled in not a few summonses for assault, and the offenders being made an example of, the boisterous fun ceased.

Twenty years ago a phrase that caught on wonderfully well and lived for some time welded into the language of the Northerners, principally, was the uninviting

“HOW’S YOUR MOTHER OFF FOR SOAP?”

Asked a favour you did not wish to grant you merely said: “How’s your mother off for soap?” It was, like the rest, a street cry that was raised by every urchin who yelled it out at policemen and law-abiding citizens at every turn.

A grave and serious old man might be trudging along the streets with mind deep set on the past, when suddenly his reveries would receive a rude awakening with: “How’s your mother off for soap?”

It supplied a vast amount of rude humour, but where the sense of it came in no one would venture to say. It is said that it originated with the peddlers one meets with in the North, who ask children, in the absence of their mothers, questions about home requirements, one of these being of course soap.

At the time of the institution of the volunteers, some forty years ago, there came into significant prominence the catch-phrase “How’re your poor feet?” Unlike the others, this was a reasonable question, but at the time it referred more directly to the early volunteers, whose gait after a day’s marching suggested that their feet were blistered.

Its very homeliness made it popular with all classes but its range of operations was limited mostly to pedestrian efforts.

What connection there is between feet and donkeys it is difficult to say, but when the latter-named phrase was on the wane it was succeeded by “Who shot the donkey?”

Perhaps it was intended as a reflection on the meritorious efforts of the young civilian soldiers who were determined to make their mark at the shooting butts, but in their eagerness overshot it; anyway, that phrase soon ousted the other and more feeling one and became immensely popular.

It was applied in a dozen different ways, and if landed in at the right moment caused considerable amusement.

When you paid for friendly refreshments you shot the donkey; when you fell in love and married, you shot the donkey; when you got out of some scrape, you shot the donkey; and when your employer discharged you, then he shot the donkey.

Mother again figured in “Does your mother know you are out?” This always brought a smile to one’s face when one heard it.

This catch-phrase was very popular, and then it died a lingering death.

A dozen or more years ago broad-brimmed hats came into vogue, a fatherly-shaped head-covering that invoked the creation of the peculiar phrase “Come from underneath that hat!” This underwent some modification in Manchester where it was known as “Come from under that hat, I can see your feet!”

The latter phrase eventually spread over the entire area of the North and provided occasion for considerable mirth. Despite its length it was rattled off the tongue with amazing rapidity, wherein lay its great charm.

A catch-phrase which certainly had a very good innings in point of longevity was

“WHOA, EMMA!”

It was sounded in every nook and corner of the United Kingdom, and although the crude thought it smacked of exceeding vulgarity, and that it left a nasty taste in the mouth and a disagreeable sound in the ear, yet it was the most popular of *bon mots*.

It was a sort of phrase that lent itself to most things, and it always proved effectual. Few sayings shouted itself into popularity with such astonishing celerity as “Whoa, Emma!”

As to the origin of most of the old saying or phrases of the day, there is nothing to show how they came into being, but it is known that the phrase, “What’s wrong wi’ ye?” which held the country spell-bound some years ago, originated with Alexander McPherson, a Scotch comedian. That was his favourite *bon mot* off the stage, and very often on. It grew and spread around until it was on nearly everybody’s lips, for

“WHAT’S WRANG WI’ YE?”

was deliciously simple and very proper.

Coming to the present day, the first of modern phrases was “Walker!” a catch-phrase which was sent out upon the world first by the comedian, Mr. J. L. Toole. Though raised to the dignity of a favourite it cannot be said that it performed yeoman service, for there was not very much in it. It fell short of that popularity accorded, for instance, to “He’s got ‘em on!” Originally a song in the variety halls, the latter title developed into a phrase that was heard on all sides, and which never hung fire until it died out altogether, being immediately succeeded by “Now we shan’t be long!”

This phrase was received, metaphorically speaking, with open arms, when it made its bow to the public. There are many versions as to how it originated, but the best one in our opinion is that which relates how a very stout old lady hailed a ‘bus in the Strand, when the facetious coachman, seeing how matters stood, and knowing from experience with what infinite slowness stout old ladies get into a ‘bus, called out to the conductor: “Mark time, George! Now we shan’t be long!”

“Get your hair cut!” referred to more things than the hirsute appendage which decorates the head of man. It thrust its nose into everything. If somebody annoyed you and you couldn’t think of anything better you generally retaliated with

“GET YOUR HAIR CUT!”

Few catch-phrases sweetened the mouths of the street arabs like “Get your hair cut!” It seemed to chasten their turbulent spirits and render them amenable to comparative sweetness, for having told you to “Get your hair cut” they were satisfied that they had had their revenge.

Prior to the birth of “Have you got that Ten-Pound Note?” there came into being two phrases, which, owing to the substantial weight of the former, are now going under—that is, as catch-phrases—and they are “There’s ‘air!” and “What ho, she bumps!”

Just as we to-day puzzle ourselves over the singular phrase “Quoz!” and wonder how on earth our fathers could have been so stupid as to give countenance to such an inane *bon-mot*, so will our descendants at the end of the next fifty years be astonished at our favouring that peripatetic phrase “What ho, she bumps!”

It does not narrate a story like, for instance, “How’s your poor feet?” or “Oh, what a shocking bad hat!” or even that very personal “Get your hair cut!” It is merely a volatile expression, fickle in sense, without a meaning and rather redolent of the common-places, but you know notwithstanding its drawbacks how very popular it became when it was launched on the market of a frivolous humanity.

But the most substantial catch-phrase of all is “Have you got that Ten-Pound Note?”

No Proof.

POLICEMAN: “Here, your worship, are the tools I found on the prisoner—a jemmy, a centre-bit, a dark lantern, an’ a piece of lead pipe, wrapped in paper to look like a bundle of clothes.”

Prisoner: “Your worship, you will not let an innocent man be convicted on such flimsy evidence as that, I hope? The articles he speaks of are nothing but my bicycle lantern and repair kit.”

A Railway Map.

Mrs. Bibbs (as the train gives a lurch): “My goodness! Are we off the line?”

Mr. Bibbs: “No, we seem to be running all right. I suppose we went round the curve. We must be at Colchester.”

Mrs. Bibbs: “But Colchester was fifty miles off when we started, and we’ve only been travelling ten minutes.”

Mr. Bibbs: “Can’t help it. I looked at the map of this railway, and there isn’t a curve in it till it gets to Colchester. Get your things ready.”

Papa’s Tantrum.

He is a charming little fellow of four, pretty in his ways, good to look at, but as naughty as they are made. He sat on the bottom step, kicking his fat little legs and refusing utterly to obey his father, who had told him to go upstairs several times in increasing degrees of severity.

After a few minutes of this clashing of wills, his exasperated young parent picked him up somewhat suddenly, carried him up and sat him down very firmly on a chair in his room, went out, and shut the door.

Silence reigned; not a sound from him for at least half-an-hour. Then the door was opened, and a sweet little voice called out:

“Father, have you got over your tantrum yet? I should like to come down.”

Too Much to Expect.

AN excellent story is told of the weakness in spelling of an old Indian colonel. One day a brigade major approached him with the remark:

“Very sorry to hear that you have been suffering with the gout, colonel.”

“Gout, sir! What do you mean, sir?” roared the colonel. “Why on earth should I have gout? Never had gout in my life, confound you!”

“Well, I’m very sorry to have offended you, colonel, but only this morning I received in the brigade office your application for leave, and you distinctly asked for it on the ground that you had been suffering from gout.”

“I daresay I did,” answered the colonel, “but what of that? You couldn’t expect me to spell a word like rheumatism!”

How the Magic Clock Works.

IN the window of a certain jeweller’s shop is a clock which tells the hour of the day by hands that are the shape of human hands. Miraculously, it seems to the observer, they are connected in no manner with the works or any other part of the clock. Yet they move round the face so as to always be in the proper place to tell the proper time.

These hands are made of aluminium, to take the place of the hour and minute hands of the clock. The minute hand is left the natural colour of aluminium, but the hour hand is coloured black so as to distinguish it.

The magical part of the clock is the power which causes these hands to move round the face of the dial so as to always tell the proper time. Although it does seem somewhat supernatural that two simple pieces of metal, having no connection whatever with any part of the clock, should always be in the proper position to tell the time of day, it is, nevertheless, a very simple matter.

This supposed feat is accomplished by having the two imitations of hands lined with soft iron. The dial which represents the face of the clock is made of thin white pasteboard, outlined and numbered just as any ordinary clock face.

Underneath this dial, and lying on the floor by the window, are the works of a clock with very long ordinary hands attached in the usual manner. To the ends of these hands the jeweller has joined two small magnets, so that they will attract the soft iron on the backs of the aluminium hands, and then over all this he has placed the pasteboard dial. After arranging the under hands under the proper numerals, and placing the visible hands over their proper places, the jeweller winds the clock and sets it going.

DID YOU EVER SEE

Twenty Teazer?
IT’S COMING.

WHY ANARCHISTS ARE GOOD-LOOKING.

STRANGE FACTS CONCERNING SOCIETY'S ENEMIES.

ONLY a short time ago when, owing to the excitement caused by the assassination of the King of Italy, Enrico Malatesta, the dreaded Italian Anarchist—who is "wanted" by the police of every European nation excepting ours—conceived the idea of giving a series of lectures on Anarchy in a Long Acre hotel, the room where the lectures were held was nightly packed with Anarchists of all nationalities, and everyone was impressed with the handsome countenances of the men and women who thronged the room.

In appearance Malatesta is refined and intellectual-looking, with a clear skin and crisp beard. The audience of Anarchists he addressed looked very much like a crowd of peasants in an Italian opera, as most of them had large black or brown dreamy eyes, which at times blazed fiercely and then looked emotional and pathetic. The majority of the men had heavy moustaches, and the women, with their earnest faces, were decidedly beautiful.

It is not generally known that one of the most beautiful of the many beautiful artists' models in Rome, "La Bella Teresa," is an Anarchist who has quite recently been obliged to leave Italy and take refuge in London. She joined the Anarchist movement in Italy some years ago, owing to seeing some people shot down during the Milan bread riots.

"La Bella Teresa," whose full name is Teresa Brugnoli, is a young woman of twenty-five, with a striking personality and a charming manner. She is of the medium height, of dark complexion, and has a profusion of wavy hair, and there is not a single hard line in her face, while her complexion is simply matchless.

The Anarchists like Count Tolstoi and Prince Krapotkins, who advocate that their ideals shall be realised without force and bloodshed, are both very fine-looking men. Count Tolstoi possesses a marvellous resemblance to Michael Angelo's famous statue of "Moses," and Krapotkins' personality is a most striking one.

Sipido, the would-be assassin of the Prince of Wales, is a decidedly good-looking youth, with a face that very much resembles the first Napoleon.

Breschi, the assassin of King Humbert, was by no means an ill-looking man, but the face of Luccheni, the murderer of the beautiful Empress of Austria, although not exactly ill-looking, somehow suggested anguish.

It would have been difficult to have found a more open-faced, curly-haired boy than Santé, yet this innocent-looking youth was the murderer of President Carnot.

In artistic circles, both in London, Paris, and Rome, it is notorious that several of the best known and most sought after models, like "La Bella Teresa," are members of the dangerous Anarchist community, and at the present moment there is a most notorious French Anarchist in the Metropolis who earns his living by posing as Romeo for one of the greatest artists of the day.

Some of the most celebrated Russian Terrorists, like Lisagol and Ormisky, were fine, intellectual-looking men, and Sophie Peroffakaja, who was executed for the assassination of the Tsar, had a benign and saint-like face.

Fortunately we have very few English Anarchists, but Cailles and Charles, who were convicted some years ago for a dynamite conspiracy at Walsall, were men of excellent appearance and manners, and it would be difficult to find better-looking girls than some of those young English ladies who spend their time in Anarchist propaganda.

Why is it that these fanatics, many of whom glory in being enemies of Society, possess such good looks instead of the surly aspect and vicious countenance of the habitual criminal?

The reason is probably because a very large proportion, if indeed not all the famous Anarchists, are men who have originated from the upper and well-to-do sections of Society, or at all events, their fathers have been noblemen and gentlemen.

Owing to failure in life and coming in contact with poverty, against which their nature revolted, these men embraced wild ideas for the regeneration of Society and became fierce fanatics, pausing at nothing, fearing nothing in their efforts to put their theories into practice.

Another cause may be, especially amongst the secret societies of the Continent, that University students at times get entrapped into these organisations, and finding themselves committed, are compelled to remain, under fear of assassination.

This, perhaps, accounts for the melancholy and even gentle aspect of several Anarchists, and it is also to be remembered that they do not perpetrate crimes for the sake of personal aggrandisement or revenge like ordinary murderers, but from a mistaken motive that their diabolical deeds tend to uplift humanity.

Strange that men in their efforts to remove evil should commit such frightful deeds, and yet all that remains for the student of this strange phase of the development of modern civilisation is to note, while he deplores its progress, and exclaim with Madame Roland, "Oh, Liberty, what crimes are committed in thy name!"

Silenced Him.

THE other day a clothier made up his mind to have his shop ceiling re-papered, and, accordingly, engaged the services of a local painter, who, some years before, had done the very same job. He came and inspected the ceiling, and then remarked to the clothier:

"I see you've had it papered since I did it."
"Oh, yes," answered the clothier a little hotly, "and I see you've got another suit of clothes since the one I made for you!"

A SNOB is a man on a ladder who kisses the feet of the man on the rung above him and kicks at the man on the rung below him.

The Walking Postage Stamps.

A CERTAIN Mr. Phillips stood in his office preparing a letter for post, and had just moistened two halfpenny stamps, when they slipped from his fingers and fluttered to the floor.

Mr. Phillips, who is a portly man, looked at them in disgust, and then stooped to pick them up.

Before he could put his fingers upon them, however, they began to move slowly away from him along the floor. He drew back in astonishment and terror. When they reached the side of the room they began to slowly ascend the wall.

Mr. Phillips was so astonished that he rushed off to see a friend, and begged him to feel his pulse, for he thought something was wrong with himself.

When he returned the stamps were half way to the ceiling, and were still rising upwards. Happily for Mr. Phillips's sanity the stamps soon came within reach of his hand.

Then the mystery was explained. The stamps had fallen on a big fly, which had, naturally, started off with them.

MAG: "He ain't no good, Lil. He's one of these fellers wot chooses the price first, an' then runs his fingers along the bill o' fare to see wot he gets for it."

Lost Her Head.

A MERCHANT of very methodical business habits arrived at his office one Monday morning at ten o'clock to find that his managing clerk had not yet put in an appearance, though his proper time was half-past nine.

"Send Mr. Whitehead to me directly he arrives," remarked the merchant, in indignant tones.

At 10.30 Mr. Whitehead arrived, and in consequence of the command immediately went to his chief's room.

"Pardon my lateness, sir," he commenced, not waiting for his employer to speak first; "but on Saturday my youngest sister lost her head, and we have all felt upset at home since."

"Lost her head?" said the merchant, in horror, his mind reverting at once to the Chinese atrocities.

"Yes, sir," replied the clerk. "You see our family name is Whitehead, and on Saturday my sister married a Mr. White, and consequently—"

"That will do, Mr. Whitehead," interposed the merchant; "you are excused this time. I feel for you in your loss; but—with a chuckle—"these things are always risky."

No Coupon Necessary.

SIMPLY SEND YOUR MONEY AND YOUR PHOTO.

If you have a relative who has passed away either at home in peace or abroad in war, send his photograph—which you probably cherish—and we will enlarge it to a beautiful India ink and crayon portrait, 15in. x 12in., mounted on plate sunk mount 24in. x 19in.

Relatives of soldiers at the front may obtain one of these enlargements for 6s.

Other photographs will be enlarged for 7s. You will certainly get a genuine bargain by availing yourself of this offer. The enlargements can be made from any photograph, large or small, tin-types, or any kind of glass picture, provided the print is legible. All the enlargements are of the head and shoulders only.

What to do.

Write your name and address plainly in ink on a slip of paper, also on the back of the portrait you are sending us. Get a postal order for 7s. (if the photograph be that of a soldier or sailor get a 6s. postal order). Place all of these in an envelope, or make a securely packed parcel of them and address it to the PORTRAIT EDITOR, Pearson's Weekly, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

A Reduction of Threespence

on each enlargement, when the order is for two or more from the same photograph, will be made.

Orders will be treated in rotation. The sooner you send the sooner you will get your photograph.

All photographs—particularly those on glass—should be securely packed. Although all possible care will be taken, we do not hold ourselves responsible for photographs damaged or lost in transit.

IS YOUR NAME HERE?

Being Something of Interest about Big People whose Birthdays happen this Week.

It is not generally known that the PRINCE OF WALES, who celebrates his fifty-ninth birthday on Friday, November 9th, has now held his title the longest in English history. Previously, the distinction belonged to George IV., who was Prince of Wales for fifty-eight years. Within a month of his birth, the Prince was created Duke of Cornwall and Rothesay, Earl of Carrick, Baron Renfrew, Lord of the Isles, Prince of Wales, and Earl of Chester, while in 1850 he was made Earl of Dublin. When he wishes to travel on the quiet, H.R.H. goes as Lord Renfrew and sometimes as the Earl of Chester.

SIR CHARLES TENNANT, Bart., who becomes seventy-seven years old on November 4th, is one of the richest men in Scotland. He owns some large chemical works in Glasgow, which, with coal mines and other trifles, bring him in an income of some £80,000 a year. Sir Charles married first in 1849, and forty-nine years later (in 1898) he married again, a son being born in due course. Two of his daughters are Lady Ribblesdale and Mrs. Asquith. At the Glasgow works Sir Charles has built one of the tallest chimneys in the world, the height being 455 feet.

No fewer than three out of the four sons of Lord Dufferin have been in South Africa during the war, and one, Lord Ava, was, it will be remembered, killed during the siege of Ladysmith. LORD BASIL BLACKWOOD, who completes his thirtieth year on Sunday, November 4th, is the third son of the Marquis of Dufferin, and, though only a barrister of three years' standing, he was appointed Deputy Judge-Advocate in South Africa last April. His duty was to advise the military authorities at the seat of war upon important questions of law.

An admiral who would receive an important command in the event of war is VICE-ADMIRAL SIR HARRY RAWSON, who celebrates his fifty-seventh birthday on Gunpowder Plot day. Sir Harry has just relinquished command of the Channel Squadron, but he is best remembered as commander at the Cape in 1895-'98, and as the captor of Benin city in 1897. He entered the Navy in 1857, and took part in the China War of the following year. In 1861 he jumped overboard one dark night into the Shanghai river and rescued a marine, while in 1870 he received the Humane Society's silver medal for saving life.

The earldom of MORAY, the fifteenth holder of which celebrates his sixtieth birthday on November 5th, is a title of some historical note. The first Earl was the natural son of James V. of Scotland and a daughter of Lord Erskine, and, inviting Queen Mary to Scotland, received the earldom as a reward. Within five years, however, he was fighting against the Queen, and it is said that he had a hand in arranging the murder of Rizzio in Holyrood Palace. He eventually became the "Good Regent" of Scotland; but, in 1570, was assassinated at Linlithgow.

English people do not "enthuse" so much about M. PADEREWSKI as they do in America, but, all the same, they will be interested to learn that the celebrated pianist attains his fortieth birthday on November 6th. Three years ago a wild rumour reached the United States that Paderewski had got his hair cut! It was just before the commencement of an American tour, and on receipt of the sad news several fair Bostonians committed suicide, while the manager cabled in frantic haste, "If report true, must cancel contract."

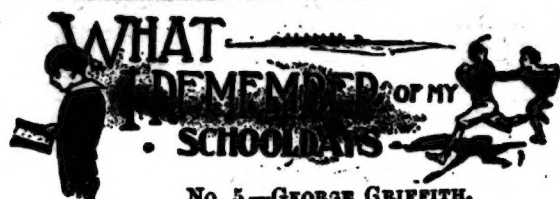
Since he succeeded his brother in 1880, SIR FREDERICK MILNER, Bart., has had to dispose of the ancient family estate in Yorkshire. The property was heavily encumbered, the mortgages amounting to nearly £200,000, and three years ago it was purchased by Sir Angus Holden. Nun Appleton, as the mansion is called, was in the Milner family for nearly three hundred years, an ancestor having purchased it from a daughter of the famous General Lord Fairfax, the Parliamentary cavalry leader, who died at the house on November 12th, 1671. Sir Frederick celebrates his fifty-first birthday on November 7th.

Meyer Rothschild, born in 1743, began life as a banker's clerk, and when he died, in 1812, he left a respectable fortune and five sons. One of these sons, Nathan Meyer, came to London in 1798, and founded the business of which the present head is his grandson, LORD ROTHSCHILD, whose sixtieth birthday occurs on November 8th. Nathan Meyer, like his four brothers, had been made an Austrian baron in 1822, and his grandson, also a Nathan Meyer, succeeded to his uncle Anthony's baronetcy, and, in 1835, was made a peer of the realm by Mr. Gladstone.

When he isn't writing letters to Mr. Kruger, Mr. HENRY LABOUCHERE, M.P., who completes the sixty-ninth year of his life on November 9th, generally edits TRUTH. Before he entered political life in 1865 he was in the diplomatic service, and was for some time attached to the Embassy at Rome. While there, he was sent on a long journey, for which his expenses were not provided. Mr. Labouchere started, and, nothing being heard of him for many weeks, anxious inquiries were made. At last a letter arrived, saying, "As expenses are not allowed, Mr. Labouchere is obliged to walk. He is progressing favourably." Meanwhile, the budding diplomatist was having a happy time at a foreign spa!

Look out for a grand new competition for children (over 100 prizes offered) in next week's HOME NOTES.

NEW SERIES OF ARTICLES.



No. 5.—GEORGE GRIFFITH.

GEORGE CHETWYND GRIFFITH is the son of a country clergyman. He had the advantage of neglected early education. He got his education wandering about the world; picked instruction up in laborious and mostly unprofitable private study. He has been a sea-apprentice, sundowner, sailor, stock-rider, butcher, globe-trotter (record round the world in sixty-four and a half days), schoolmaster, journalist, story-writer. He has written many books. Recreations: loading and travelling. Has been five and a half times round the world, once across the Rockies, thrice over the Andes (treasures a pipe smoked at 19,300 feet above sea-level), three times round the Horn, once in the Antarctic ice. Has also flown in a balloon from London to the Field of Agincourt.

To begin with, as schoolboy, I never had very much schooling at all. The Fates decreed that I should travel from boyhood to manhood.

By the bitter road the younger son must tread,
Ere he win to hearth and saddle of his own.
Mid the riot of the shearers in the shed,
In the silence of the herder's hut alone.

I have quoted this wonderfully picturesque stanza in full because it just fits. I was a younger son, and the younger son of a poor country clergyman at that. To put it brutally there wasn't any money to spare to send me to school, so, while my father taught me a little Latin and a great deal less Greek in the few spare moments left him by the overwork of a big north country parish, the National schoolmaster—those were the days before we were cursed with School Boards, and spent millions in the hopeless attempt to put a five hundred pound education into a five pound boy or girl—used to come over to the Parsonage and teach me the three R's and other accessories in

SOME OF HIS SPARE TIME.

After that my mother taught me French. When I misbehaved myself she used to give me French irregular verbs to write out on a slate. I bitterly resented this at the time, but in after years I came to look upon it as one of the most useful portions of what I may call my early education.

Professor Huxley once said that no child ought to learn anything more than reading and writing, and the elements of arithmetic, until he or she was ten years old, and I think that a wise man seldom spoke wiser words. Until I was nearly fourteen my educational accomplishments amounted to about this: I could read English and French, the latter thanks to my mother, and the irregular verbs on the slate.

I could write a vilely bad hand, and I knew enough of arithmetic to do a compound addition sum three times over with a chance of getting the answer right once. To be quite candid, I have about the same chance now. But there was a schoolroom in that old North Country parsonage in which I learnt more than all the schools and colleges can teach. It was my father's study, and my tutors were Walter Scott, Bulwer Lytton, Dickens, Thackeray, Fensholt, Lamartine, Grimm, Jules Verne, Captain Mayne Reid, R. M. Ballantyne and W. F. Kingston, with Byron, Shelley, Macaulay, and the "Ancient Mariner" as professors of the more elegant arts. I also

STUDIED HISTORY UNDER GIBBON

and Buckle, and the learned editors of Bohn's Series. Then my father died, and I really did go to school. It was a small, private school in Southport, and I entered it as a long, lanky lad of fourteen, curiously learned on certain subjects, and so ignorant of others that I had to begin among the little boys. I was there fifteen months, and after a hard fight with the Head of the school, left with second class honours. He was better at mathematics than I was, and he won by a short lead. I have never liked mathematics since.

Then I went to another school, or perhaps I should put it more correctly if I said that I matriculated in the greatest of all Universities—the world. I went to sea as an apprentice on a Liverpool lime-juicer.

In the seventy-eight days between Liverpool and Melbourne I learnt more of the world than I had learnt in fourteen years, but the methods of tuition didn't suit me. The learning was hammered in a little too hard, mostly with a rope's end and the softest part of a belying pin, so I took French leave of that class-room and went to another; in plain English, I ran away from my ship and went up the Bush.

I had two suits of clothes and fifteen shillings, which I subsequently shared with a swagman down on his luck to induce him to turn back with me and exchange experiences for cash.

I began to learn rapidly then. I learnt how to build brush and dog-leg fences; how to split rails and shingles, to wash and shear sheep, to ride evil-minded horses, herd sheep and round-up cattle. Also how to hoe the rows between the vines, to bind sheaves after reaping machines, to make roads, paint sign-boards and kill pigs—with other sorts of curious knowledge not to be acquired in any University but the World.

After nine months of this I came back from Violet Town to Melbourne by rail, first-class, with about £70 in my pocket. I spent it in three weeks, and then I entered upon another stage of my education. I shipped before the mast in a South Sea Blackbird. I saw the glories and tasted the delights of Oceania, and I picked up a good deal of information there. Then, in response to urgent appeals from home, I came back to London in a wool-ship. I wasn't quite twenty then, and I had been round the world three times. From which it may be gathered that my education was getting along.

Then came one of those weird turns of Fate which make people who try to write romances feel ill. I went to school again. The most curious thing about this statement is that it is true. Within six months after I had been a fore-castle hand on a Blackwall liner, racing up Channel before a spiffing royal breeze, I was a master in a school which overlooked that same Channel, and here began the next stage of my schooldays.

Here, too, I began to learn for the first time what hard work meant.

I had to get up at six, hunt the boys out of their beds, drive them down to the lavatories, and see that they didn't leave high-water marks. Then, half-starved and sleepy, and in winter shivering cold, I had to goad them through the farce of "morning preparation," what time I, drowsing at my desk, was trying to relearn the lessons, learnt overnight, which I was supposed to

TEACH MY CLASSES DURING THE DAY.

Of course the boys knew a good deal more about them than I did, and that was where most of the trouble came in. Schoolboys take a fiendish delight in concocting apparently innocent questions which take a great deal of answering, and then, with every appearance of a thirst for knowledge, putting them to masters in the hope of stumping them.

Here, however, the wider and sounder knowledge that I had gained in the world came to my assistance, and when a poser was put to me by a guileless-faced youngster or a studious-looking senior boy, perhaps with spectacles, I used to say, with an air of omniscience:

"Do you mean to say, Smith Minor, or Robinson Major, that you don't know that? You ought to be ashamed of yourself. Look up so-and-so and so-and-so, and write it out for me five times before evening preparation."

This made them tired and saved my reputation, and I got an added pleasure out of the pastime from the knowledge that they had already got the facts up, so that they might stump me in case I was rash and answered wrongly at a venture.

But in time I really did begin to learn something—whatever the boys learnt. I went to Germany and put in a year's hard study there, "thinking to better myself," and came back to find that I had to begin at the bottom of the scholastic ladder again.

Gradually, however, by dint of teaching all day and learning half the night, I worked myself out of the ruck of the preparatory schools and attained to the grammar school rank. Here it became necessary to get certificates and diplomas and other useless pieces of paper and parchment, and that meant more night work.

During this period of my second schooldays I learnt a somewhat valuable art—that of cramming. I had to cram myself for my own examinations, and so I learnt

HOW TO CRAM MY BOYS

for theirs. The head master of the grammar school in which I had the misfortune to serve the last period of my seven years' mental penal servitude, called me into his room one afternoon and gave me plainly to understand that the school was not doing as well as a rival establishment in the same town, and, further, that it would be advisable for me to have some letters after my name so that they might be duly advertised on the prospectus.

The interview was not a pleasant one, and it ended with a suggestion on his part that if I did not get a fair percentage of my boys through their examinations and also acquire the letters for the prospectus it would be well for me to resign, since he could have his choice of the new graduates of the three Universities for the salary that I was getting. This was absolutely true. My salary was £120 a year, non-resident. He could get them for £100 now—or less.

I took the hint. Within the next twenty weeks I gained the right to put the letters after my name, together with twelve certificates from the Science and Art Department, qualifying me to teach science (save the mark!) and gain a grant for the school, which was under the New Scheme.

I crammed my boys up to the roots of their hair and passed over ninety per cent. of them. They knew nothing about the subjects after they had passed. I admit that I didn't know very much about them myself, but that was no business of mine. I had recognised that the modern system of education made it impossible to educate.

I was disgusted with the whole business. I took my final diploma and certificates to the head master, asked him if he was satisfied, and then presented him with my resignation.

It was thus, at the mature age of twenty-seven years and eight months, that my school-days happily came to an end.

[Next Week: FREEMAN WILLS.]

A Misleading Analogy.

"WHEN you eat, be careful to leave off hungry," is advice often given at the dinner table, but seldom received in an obedient spirit.

The caution was repeated not long since to a young man of vigorous appetite.

"Pshaw!" said he, "you might as well tell me to wash my face, and be careful to leave off dirty."

Nature Loses Nothing.

"STRANGE how Nature equalises all things," said the philosopher. "I mean to say that nothing is lost in Nature. What may be lacking here is given twofold there."

"Ah!" remarked the novelist, "how about the loss of sleep?"

"Just the point I was going to mention. The sleep you lose over the writing of a novel is frequently gained by those who attempt to read it."

A Complication.

MRS. DE KANTER: "You said you were going to be detained at your office all the evening, but you weren't there. Now, where were you?"

Mr. De Kanter: "My dear, there is no sense in your getting excited. It really—"

Mrs. De Kanter: "Why don't you answer my question?"

Mr. De Kanter: "My dear, I would answer your question if I were sure you wouldn't question my answer."

Grammar by Rule.

THE master who gives his pupils "simple rules" for determining questions which confront them, and particularly grammatical questions, is apt to find that such rules frequently disastrously fail to fit all cases.

Once an examiner was questioning the pupils of a country school. He wrote on the blackboard the sentence, "The fly has wings," and asked a class what part of speech each word was.

They parsed the "the" without any trouble.

"What part of speech is 'fly'?"

"Adverb," shouted all the class in unison.

"What! Fly an adverb?"

"Yesir!" shouted the boys with great positiveness.

"What makes you think it is an adverb?"

"'Cause the master told us last week that all words that end in 'ly' are adverbs."

There will be Trouble Soon.

"My wife never appears to be happy," said Dodson wearily, "unless she has some sort of a fad. Just at present it is Macaulay. One of the innumerable societies that she belongs to has started a course of study along the line of that impenetrable mystery, and my wife has taken it up with an enthusiasm worthy of a better cause."

"She has made it a sort of religion to read one hour every night from Macaulay's essays, and I wouldn't object to that if she would keep quiet; but as soon as I get interested in a political article she breaks in, and with her face glowing with enthusiasm, insists on reading an extract from Macaulay that she calls simply sublime. Then I am obliged to listen to a long see-saw of big words that would sound just the same if they were read backward. And then when I ask what it is all about, she flares up and says that I have no appreciation of the inner soul of a superior intelligence—whatever that may mean."

"I picked up the book the other day, and chanced to notice that my wife had carefully marked the place where she had left off the night before, with a hairpin. An idea occurred to me and I set the hairpin back twenty pages, which is her usual limit at one time."

"The next evening she started where I had placed the hairpin and read through to where she had left off the evening before, without noticing that she was going over old ground."

"I have kept it up now for a fortnight, and she is still reading the same twenty pages, totally unconscious that she is reading the same thing over and over again."

"I am really growing interested in the matter. I notice that now and then she examines the remaining pages rather anxiously, as if she realises that she is not making the progress she ought."

"She has now become so anxious to get through, so that she will be able to say that she has read Macaulay, that she no longer bothers me with extracts, and I can read my paper in peace."

"Meantime I simply chuckle to myself, and take care that the hairpin is set back twenty pages every day."

The Mystery Man.

By
William Le Queux.

PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS.

Inspector Patterson, a member of the Kensington police force, who discovered the bodies of a man and woman in a house in Upper Phillimore Place, his attention having been attracted to the place by seeing a snake in the garden.
Frank Urwin, a reporter, and friend of Patterson, with whom he went to examine the scene of the tragedy before reporting at headquarters.
Dick Clough, the "Mystery Man," a friend of Urwin, and also a reporter.
Divisional-Inspector Boyd, of the Kensington Police, to whom the affair was reported, and who had the matter of investigation in hand.
Eva Glaslyn, the woman whom Urwin and Patterson declared they saw lying dead in the house in Phillimore Place.
Mary Blain, formerly the fiancée of Urwin. Her mother had hired the house which was the scene of the tragedy.
Henry Blain, father of Mary, who was known by Urwin and Boyd to have some connection with the tragedy.
Morris Lowry, a herbalist, from whom Eva Glaslyn bought some poisonous herbs, and whose daughter was engaged to Dick Clough.

CHAPTER XXVII.

MR. TYRELL'S VISITOR.

I COULD distinguish nothing, but could hear him groping about in the obscurity. From the sound it appeared as though he were hastily packing away the bottles and forging paraphernalia into the cigar cabinet.

An odour of burnt paper came through the crevices of the door. That was all.

Of a sudden it occurred to me that he might intend to escape from the room, for with the house asleep there was no risk of discovery without his disguise. If he opened the door he must come face to face with me. To obviate this I drew back into the hall close to the street-door. He would not attempt to escape in that direction it was certain. So I held my breath and listened.

Again the mysterious tapping sounded low but distinctly upon the window-pane outside. The fact that the gas had been extinguished apparently did not excite the suspicion of the midnight visitor. Presently, as I strained my ears to catch every sound, I heard a low, rasping noise, followed by hushed whispering and the quick shuffling of feet.

Swiftly returning to the door I placed my ear to it, trying in vain to distinguish the words uttered. The forger had evidently admitted his visitor by the window, which, being low down, was easy of access from the little front garden. I now recognised that the reason of the light being put out was in order that no attention should be attracted by the drawing up of the blind and the opening of the window.

With care, so that those sleeping above should not be aroused, the venetian blind was again lowered. Then there was a sound of fumbling and the gas was again lit.

Again my gimlet-hole became revealed, and again I peered into the fugitive's room eager to discover the identity of this secret visitor and his connection with the forger; but both were standing out of my limited line of vision. The table had been cleared of all its bottles and papers, and the cigar cabinet stood there an unsuspecting object.

Who would dream of the secrets therein concealed?

I stood there still scarce daring to breathe. My heart beat so loudly that I could distinctly hear it. If I were discovered there by the conspirators they would, I felt certain, not hesitate to kill me and thus preserve their secret. Those moments were full of excitement for I was assuredly making astounding discoveries.

"So you are back again at last," I heard Blain say. "Why were you so impatient outside? You surely knew that I was awaiting you."

"I thought I was being watched," I heard a voice whisper in response.

"Watched? Whom do you suspect of watching you?"

"The police."

"The police!" he gasped in a tone of alarm. "What do they know? Have you added to your ridiculous actions by bungling?"

"No. I have not bungled, as you call it," was the dry reply.

"And you'd best not," he said in a threatening tone. "You've not forgotten my words of a month ago, I hope."

"I have not forgotten," responded the voice mechanically.

"Then why do you suspect the police of watching you?"

"Because someone has broken into the Hollies and searched the place. They have ransacked everything."

"What!" he gasped, thoroughly alarmed. "Do you think the police have been there?"

"I cannot tell for certain, but from a letter from Mrs. Gilson, the woman whom we used to leave in charge, and who found the place in disorder on the following morning, it appears as though the visit was made in order to search the place. She says that two road labourers noticed the local constable standing outside the premises for a couple of hours, as though keeping watch."

"And what have they discovered?" he demanded eagerly.

"Everything," was the hoarse reply of the unseen visitor.

"Everything?" he cried. "Surely they have not opened the sealed room?"

"Yes," was the response, "they have. All is known. I received Mrs. Gilson's letter asking me to go down there at once, but, fearing further complications, I escaped from London. I felt certain that the police were watchful, having made the discovery, and therefore had to exercise all my wits in eluding them."

"I quite understand that they suspected you," Blain said. "How did you manage to get away? You saw Urwin first, I suppose. You surely didn't leave London without saying good-bye to that man who is your bitterest enemy?" he added with a sneer.

Mention of my name caused me to start, and I awaited the reply breathlessly.

"Yes, I saw him," was the answer in a strange, hoarse whisper, while at the same moment a quick footstep sounded on the carpet, and Blain's visitor, whom I had been vainly trying to make out, crossed the small space in the room whereon my eye was directed.

I stood aghast, scarcely believing my own eye. It was a woman in neat black, wearing a small black hat and closely veiled. Yet through the thickly-spotted net I discerned the pale, regular features of the woman I loved—Eva Glaslyn!

"Where did you see him?" inquired the forger.

"At his rooms in Gray's Inn. I went there to bid him adieu."

"Then all I have to say is that the sooner you rid yourself of your infatuation for that confounded young know-all, the better," he said angrily. "He knows too much—far too much. Besides, he is the bosom friend of Boyd, the smartest man at Scotland Yard. Urwin and Clough are ever on the look-out for sensations for their papers, and fancy they've got hold of a good thing. Can't you see that it isn't for love of you that he's working, but for a journalistic 'scoop'—I think they call it in Fleet Street."

"All that is immaterial," she exclaimed quickly, facing him with an expression on her countenance which showed herself not altogether too friendly disposed towards him. "As regards the man I love I surely am master of my own actions."

"No, my dear girl," he responded quickly, "you are not. If by your absurd actions you are about to give us away then it behoves us to control your passions just a little."

"Is that a threat?" she inquired with flashing eyes, standing resolutely before him.

"Take it as you please," he responded insolently.

"Not long ago you with your criminal accomplices threatened to take my life secretly with those poisons in the art of which you are past-masters. You held me in your power by declaring that refusal on my part meant death, and you hold me powerless now," she cried. "Alas, I am too well aware of your unscrupulousness, and the manner in which you can sweep off your enemies without leaving behind a trace of your evil deeds. Already we have sufficient illustration of what the secret compound may accomplish, but, depend upon it, the judgment is near."

"What do you mean?" he demanded, advancing towards her. "You know more of the movements and suspicions of Boyd and his underlings than you will tell me. Where is Madame?"

"In Italy."

"Where?"

"In Milan. She telegraphed to me yesterday before I left Antwerp."

"Then after wishing your lover farewell you met Madame in Brussels and gave her the papers safely."

"I did, though I have no idea what the envelope contained."

"It contained certain papers which do not concern you in the least," he answered roughly. "On examining them did she express satisfaction or no?"

"She told me to tell you that they were perfectly in order, and before she left for Milan she gave me this letter, which I was to deliver into your hands."

Though I could not see him at the point where he was at that moment standing, I heard the tearing open of an envelope, and a dead silence followed.

"Fool!" he cried in furious rage a moment later. "The woman is a confounded idiot! This ridiculous action of hers will spoil all the plans I've made. She intends to go to see Marini in Turin. We must stop her at all hazards. She's mad—mad! What's her address? We must telegraph the moment the office is open in the morning."

"She's at the Hotel Cavour, in Milan," answered his visitor in a strained tone.

"You must telegraph, for I cannot, because they know me here in this dead-alive little hole. And seating himself at the writing-table he hastily scribbled some words upon a sheet of paper while she stood with her gloved hand on the back of his chair, watching as he wrote.

"How long does a wire take to reach Milan, do you think?" he inquired.

"Four or five hours if sent off in the morning; not more, I think. If sent off from here at eight to-morrow morning it ought to arrive by one in Milan."

"No, at twelve," he said. "Eight till twelve are four hours."

"But Italian time is an hour earlier than London," she replied calmly. "Therefore it will be one o'clock before she gets it."

"Well, at all costs we must prevent her going into the enemy's camp," he said. "Why, to go and see Marini is simply madness. If the police suspect, they have probably already communicated with him." Then, after a silence, he added: "You haven't told me anything regarding that confounded lover of yours. Did you tell him you were leaving England?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"Because—well, because I wished him to forget."

"To forget you, eh?" he laughed cynically. "Come, you are growing sentimental, Eva. That isn't like you."

"I am in no mood to be taunted," she answered with hauteur. "Cannot we leave Frank Urwin out of the question? He has nothing to do with this matter, even though he has unfortunately suffered, poor fellow."

"And how as he suffered, pray?"

"He was taken ill during my visit to him, suddenly ill, with those same symptoms which you know so well, the symptoms which develop so very quickly and terminate fatally, leaving—me behind."

"What do you mean?" demanded, suddenly interested.

"Have you killed him?"

She was silent for a moment, her face pale as death behind her veil.

"I do not know," she cried hoarsely. "Perhaps he is dead—dead!" and she burst into a flood of tears.

"If so it makes our plans all the easier," he said with perfect sangfroid. "Urwin was a sharp fellow, and knew too much—far too much. He might have made it very unpleasant for us all. But describe to me what occurred."

She paused; the dead silence was broken only by her sobs. The woman I loved feared that I had fallen a victim to the fatal poison in her possession, the effects of which had been so conclusively proved during our search at the Hollies. From her attitude of grief, however, it was apparent that the attack to which I had been subjected was by mishap and not intention on her part.

"How it happened I cannot tell," she said at last, stifling her tears and placing her small lace handkerchief to her eyes. "I called at his chambers unexpectedly to wish him farewell, and shook hands on entering. I was telling him that my mother had been ordered abroad for her health, and that I was following her at once to Paris, when suddenly he became seized by those awful symptoms that I had witnessed before. I strove to revive him, pouring brandy down his throat and endeavouring to arouse him from the lethargy that was creeping on him; but all in vain. He fell back unconscious, white and cold as one dead. Then I grew frightened, fearing lest his friend Clough or the landlady might come in and charge me with his murder. So I fled, and the same evening left for Brussels, bearing your letter with me."

"And you have heard nothing of him since?"

"I have feared to write," was her answer in a harsh, strained voice.

"You had been meddling with the little box of powder that Hartmann gave you. Tell the truth."

"Yes. An hour before I had opened it to see how much it contained," she said.

"And you had not taken the precaution he impressed upon you of thoroughly washing your hands afterwards, eh?"

"No, I'm afraid I did not wash them."

"Then his hand which you grasped must have had upon it some slight abrasion of the skin," he replied with a slight shrug of his shoulders. "That would account for his seizure. Your hand must have been poisoned, and your greeting on entering—fatal."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE CRIME AND THE CRIMINAL.

"Do you believe that such was the case?" she cried hoarsely.

"Most certainly," the fellow responded. "You know quite as well as myself the peculiar action of that compound. Hartmann was no fool."

"And if Mr. Urwin is dead?"

"Well, if he is dead," he said in a low, distinct voice, "then there is one enemy the less for us."

"But he was never our enemy," my love protested. "It was his friend Clough who sought to elucidate the mystery in Phillimore Place."

"Bah! Urwin assisted him. He was constantly with Boyd and the others."

"But he loves me," she declared in a tremulous voice.

"Then it should have been all the easier for you to have impressed your innocence upon him."

"He believed me innocent, or would not have shown his love for me," she said in a low, mechanical voice.

"Innocent!" he laughed. "A pretty type of injured innocence you are, indeed."

"I see no reason why you should insult me," she said, turning quickly upon him in indignation. "I was innocent before I fell into the trap you and your accomplices so cunningly set for me. To you I owe all this degradation and constant fear of the truth being known. You have forced me to become a criminal, like yourself."

"You required but little persuasion," laughed the man heartlessly. "Where personal interests and ambitions are concerned a woman is always foremost in evil deeds."

"I have hated it all since the first moment," she declared. "You have, by your foul plots, robbed me of all I hold most dear and sacred—of name, of reputation, and of love. Because of you I am a fugitive from justice, like yourself. Only you are in safe hiding here while you compel me to act as your messenger and run the risks of detection which you yourself do not dare to face. But I tell you that there is a limit to human endurance, and I have reached it."

"Oh!" he exclaimed with biting sarcasm. "All this is indeed most interesting. And if you have reached this point of endurance, as you call it, what then?"

"I intend to wash my hands of the whole affair," she replied resolutely. She had moved away, and I could see neither of them. I could only stand there listening to their voices, dumfounded.

"And will not Madame have something to say if you attempt to sever yourself from us?"

"Her fear of me, and of the startling revelations which I could make, is greater than any fear of her revenge," she answered.

"What!" he cried, starting forward. "You intend to give us away?"

"My intentions are not formed. I have only decided that this will be my final visit to you."

"You forget that any information you give the police will only incriminate you. You alone will suffer, for I already know how to take care of myself. This is not the first time, remember, that I've been wanted at Scotland Yard."

He uttered the words boastfully, with an air of well-feigned carelessness.

"Yes," she replied, "I know quite well that I have unfortunately fallen into the hands of unscrupulous criminals, and have unwittingly assisted in your clever plots. You have implicated me so deeply that to withdraw is well-nigh impossible without sacrificing everything. But I am determined to go no further. The man I love has unconsciously fallen a victim to the terrible substance of which you hold the secret, therefore I have finished."

"Then Urwin is dead," he exclaimed in a tone of surprise.

"Alas, I have every reason to believe so," she answered in a choked voice. "When I fled from his rooms he was already stiff and cold."

"And you have been unable to learn anything since?"

"I have not dared to make inquiries."

"If he had been discovered dead surely something would have appeared in the papers. They always make a fuss when a journalist dies, and especially grave would be a newspaper man found mysteriously dead in his room. Cleugh would have a first-class mystery for the *Coxeter* with his very doors. Yet I read the paper every day and have seen nothing."

"I may have been hushed up by Boyd," my love suggested. "I can only say that when I left his appearance was entirely that of one dead. All the symptoms were there."

There was a brief silence.

"And if he is dead," asked her companion, "what matters?"

She burst into bitter tears.

"You are utterly heartless," she sobbed. "I hate and detest you, for you have no spark of sympathy for a helpless woman."

"Then you really loved Frank Urwin?" he said harshly. He came at that moment within my range of vision, and I saw the sarcastic curl of the lips as he uttered my name.

"Yes," she cried fiercely. "I loved him just as madly as I hate and loathe you!"

"Well, my dear girl," he said, "I've never asked you to love me. Ours is purely a business partnership, not one of sentiment."

"Then having assisted you up to this point you will permit me to withdraw."

He laughed aloud.

"You are surely not in earnest, my dear Eva," he said. "Do you really hope that I will allow you to betray me?"

"I have no desire to betray you, nor have I any spirit of revenge within my heart," she declared in a low, hoarse voice. "But now that I have no longer my lover I have no further interest in life."

"Then while assisting us, and Urwin still lived, you had an interest in your lover?"

"I believed that one day we should be united," she confessed tearfully. "But now all is over. He is dead."

"You are not certain of it. There is no proof. Why not ascertain the truth before making all these declarations?"

"But I am certain," she cried. "His breathing had ceased and his cheeks and hands were icy cold. It was I who killed him—I killed him!"

And I heard her sobbing again bitterly. My impulse was to burst into that room and to take her in my arms; but to act thus would be madness—sheer madness. That forger and criminal who held her in his power I determined to give up to the police. On the morrow I would wire to Boyd, and in a couple of hours or so he would be safe in custody.

I chuckled within myself when I reflected upon the revenge which was mine.

My heart went out in deepest sympathy towards the helpless, sorrowing woman who believed that by accident she had incriminated my death. She was messenger from some unknown person whom they had called "Madame," a foreigner evidently. Who could she be? Surely someone in close association with Blain and his accomplices, whoever the latter were.

They were speaking again after a brief silence broken only by the sob of my well-beloved.

"And supposing that Urwin still lives—that the poison was not fatal—how would you act?" he was asking in a quiet, more collected tone.

"I don't know. I only wish I could believe that he still lives."

"That is easily found out. An inquiry of the Inn porter would easily clear up the mystery."

"I have inquired," she replied. "I sent a messenger boy from Victoria Station this evening to ask the porter before I left London. The man's reply was that he had not seen Mr. Urwin for over a week."

"He may be ill and confined to his room," her companion suggested.

"There is, of course, a chance of that, but how are we to discover the truth?"

"Leave it to me," the man answered. "I'll find a way out of the difficulty. Remain cool, and we shall soon find that your lover is still alive. Of that I feel certain."

"But even if he is, the mystery of the result of my sudden visit must cause an estrangement. Remember this is the second occasion on which I have administered the poison accidentally. His doctor diagnosed the case as that of poison. He told me so. Hence he will certainly suspect me."

"Bah!" he cried. "Don't meet trouble half way. You women are always fearing some awful catastrophe. Keep a level head, and all will be quite right. Look at me. I live

here in the guise of an aged invalid, and not a soul suspects the truth. Why? Because I feign eccentricity. Ah, it is so very simple to impose upon a credulous public."

"For you, but not for me," she said, sighing heavily. "I see danger everywhere, and suspect every stranger to be a police-officer in plain clothes."

"You are unnerved, my dear girl," he exclaimed. "It is the belief that your lover has died by your own hand that has upset you. Come," he added in a more sympathetic tone than usual, "do not grow faint-hearted. Our interests are surely mutual. Nothing must come out. The Silence must be kept."

He spoke of the "Silence." That mysterious word was in the type-written letters we had discovered at the Hollies.

"But Madame?"

"Well, what of her?"

"If she goes to Turin and sees Marini?"

"I shall prevent her," he answered quickly. "Besides, I cannot think she will act so madly. What has she to gain by it?"

"I cannot tell," was my love's reply. "She would explain nothing to me. I saw her off by the Baile express from Brussels and all she told me was that it was her intention to go straight and see Marini."

He gave vent to an imprecation.

"She has never acted the fool before," he cried. "And now, just when we are within an ace of success, she runs all the risk of detection. It's sheer madness."

"What her motive may be is more than I can tell," Eva said mechanically. "All that I know I've told you."

"And you intend joining her in Italy, I suppose?"

She hesitated.

"I've not yet decided. Where do you think I'm most safe from the police? Remember that the Hollies has been searched, and that the truth is out. The secret of the sealed room is revealed. Hence at this moment the police everywhere are on the alert."

A silence fell between them. He was considering what advice he should give his unwilling accomplice, for if she came within the grip of the law it was certain that sooner or later he also must be implicated.

"You told me just now that your impatience at the window was due to your fear that you had been followed. Explain."

"There was a man lounging at the corner of the road where it joins the Parade—a low, common-looking loafer. I suspected him to be a detective."

"More likely that he was a thief. Did he make off at your approach?"

"No. He crossed the road, and, turning, walked away in the opposite direction in order, it seemed, that I should not see his face. The movement aroused my suspicions."

"Then perhaps you may have been followed here," he gasped, suddenly alarmed by what she had told him. "I hope not."

"So do I," responded she. "But perhaps after all it's merely that my nerves are unstrung."

"One thing is quite certain," he said a moment later, "you must not cross the Channel again. If you are actually wanted by the police the trip is much too dangerous. To lose yourself in London is not difficult. When you return alight at some suburban station, and be careful always to cover your tracks. The suburbs form capital hiding-places. I've proved so more than once in my somewhat chequered career. Then, after a couple of days or so, I want you to deliver in the City these two letters, the addresses of which are on them." And he took from the table the letters containing the papers he had forged, and handed them to her.

She was apparently the unconscious tool by which he put his forged cheques and bills into circulation. She took them and glanced at the superscriptions on the envelopes.

"One's in Moorgate Street," she remarked, "and the other in Change Alley. Are any replies necessary?"

"None," he responded. "Only be certain to give them into the hands of the persons to whom they are addressed and not to any clerk or underling. If either of them are out then call again. Be sure and deliver them personally as they are of the utmost importance to our safety."

It was apparent that she was unaware of the contents of those envelopes and believed that they contained letters relating to their security against the police. Hence her tranquil acceptance of the responsibility of their delivery.

"But is it safe for me to go about openly?" she queried. "I fear detection at every turn now that the police have discovered the secret of the Hollies?"

"At all risks those letters must be delivered—police or no police," he answered. "When all is arranged we must both get out of the country together. I can see that things are beginning to look serious. But at present have no fear. You are unnerved at the supposed death of that fellow Urwin."

"I—I loved him," she faltered.

"Then forget, as other women have forgotten. In this world one never obtains one's desires."

"And in the next—"

Her sentence was cut short by the quick throw-up of the window by which she had entered.

Both were silent, their faces blanched in quick alarm.

"Who's there?" Blain managed to demand in trembling tones.

"The police," was the gruff response.

Eva, white-faced and timid, clung to her companion. They had been trapped. There was no escape.

(To be continued.)

MOTHER: "Now, Georgie, I shall tell your papa to punish you severely for telling an untruth. You said you didn't touch one of those six peaches, and there is only one left, and I found the five stones in your nursery."

Georgie: "I told no story, mamma. The peach I didn't touch is the one that's left!"

Football Facts.

MR. W. McKellop, the recently elected M.P. for North Sligo, was one of the founders of the Celtic Football Club.

As at present arranged there is a gap of no less than six weeks between the dates of the semi-finals and the final of the Scottish Cup competition.

FOLLOWERS of the Rugby game will be interested to learn that the old International, J. E. Orr, has secured a first class Government appointment at Pretoria.

LIVERPOOL's match with Sunderland at Anfield Road on Michaelmas Day was remarkable from the fact that it was the first time for four years that the home side had managed to score a goal against the Northern team.

THE Grimsby players have been promised a bonus of £200 by their Directors should they qualify for the first or second position of the Second Division at the end of the season, and thus gain promotion to the upper circles.

JUDGING from the results of League matches there has been an all-round levelling of League teams, and after the seventh Saturday of the season no fewer than five clubs tied for first place in the table with eleven points each.

W. O. P. ALLEN, the newly-elected M.P. for the Stroud division of Gloucestershire, was a member of the famous Oxford Rugby XV. of 1882-83, who were led by Harry Vassall, brother of G. O. Vassall, captain of the Dark Blues under the Association code in 1899.

THE second teams of the three Merseyside clubs, Liverpool, Everton, and New Brighton, continue to show remarkable form in the Lancashire Combination, and of the twenty-one matches they have played eighteen have been won, and not a single one has been lost. The goal record is seventy-nine to fourteen.

SWINTON were the only Northern Union team who were successful away from home on the first Saturday in October. Their opponents were Warrington, and, curiously enough, this marked but the second occasion on which they have beaten their old rivals, their first successful encounter at Warrington having taken place only last season.

RUMOUR has it that £400 has been offered to E. Gwyn Nicholls, the crack Welsh three-quarter, to go over to the Oldham Northern Union Club. This offer, which was promptly refused, is probably the biggest ever made to a Rugby player, though it would be interesting to know what bait was held out to Bancroft, the famous full-back, when Oldham angled in that direction.

THE element of doubt figures largely in League football. Not one in a thousand anticipated that Bolton, occupying the penultimate position in the table, would defeat Aston Villa, who were comfortably at the top. This particular game furnished, too, an instance of history repeating itself, for last season Aston Villa went down equally unexpectedly before Glossop, who have now descended to the Second Division, their respective positions in the League Table being as wide apart as in the case first referred to.

QUEEN'S PARK FOOTBALL CLUB, which occupies in Scottish football a position analogous to that of the Corinthians in this country, has this season become a member for the first time of the Scottish League. At the moment of writing, their record on the field is very disappointing to supporters of amateur football, figuring as they do but one place removed from the very foot of the table. Financially, however, it is quite another story, and by the end of September they had already taken £1,000 out of their League games.

SHEFFIELD UNITED, in completing twenty-two League engagements without being beaten, equalled last year the record of Preston North End in the season 1898-99. A comparison of the two performances is interesting, and it will be seen that in every column the difference in the figures is altogether in favour of Preston.

	Played	Won	Lost	Dra.	For	Agst.	Pts.
North End	22	12	9	1	78	15	10
Sheffield United	22	14	0	8	45	16	26

H. M. LEMOINE, who frequently keeps goal for Richmond Association, learnt his football in Yorkshire, where he played for Hunslet, a town more famous for the Rugby than the Association game, the Hunslet club having won the Northern Union championship in 1898 with a record of points which has never been excelled. So well does Mr. Lemoine perform between the posts for Richmond that Waller, the usual custodian, often goes to full back in order that the club may have the advantage of Lemoine's services in goal.

W. J. BASSETT, who for many years was the idol of the supporters of the West Bromwich Albion Club, has this year been reinstated as an amateur. Bassett is the possessor of sixteen International caps. Of these, four were gained against both Ireland and Wales, and eight against Scotland. His appearances against Scotland were made in consecutive seasons from 1899 to 1896 inclusive. This is a record which has only been surpassed by N. O. Bailey, the Old Westminister, who did duty for the Rose against the Thistle in ten consecutive seasons.

TALES OF THE £10 NOTE.

Who Said Bribery?

ALTHOUGH the Maidstone Ten-Pound Note has been duly captured, the now world-famous query is still heard everywhere in the thriving county town of Kent.

A good story is going the rounds regarding the recent election there.

An old farmer had just recorded his vote, and was greeted by a friend with the usual inquiry, "Have you got that Ten-Pound Note?"

"Yes," replied the worthy yeoman, "and jolly hard work I had to get it. It's the first time I've ever voted under £10. But there, Maidstone ain't what it was."

And inquisitive people are now asking which party he voted for.

But She was Mistaken.

I WAS walking along the Camberwell Road last Saturday afternoon, when a young lady, well dressed, came up to me and said:

"Please, sir, will you be good enough to wait here while I go into that shop?" pointing to a newsagent's a few doors away.

"Tell me what you want," said I, "and I will wait."

"Oh, do wait one minute," and with that she rushed off into the shop. So I waited.

In a few seconds she came out with Pearson's in her hand, and, opening it, exclaimed:

"Please, have you got that Ten-Pound Note?"

"No," I replied, "I have not."

"Oh, I am sure you must," said she, "because I dreamt last night that I was walking along here, and that I met a short, dark gentleman dressed exactly as you are, and that I asked him if he had the Ten-Pound Note, and that he gave it to me."

"I am very sorry," I replied, "but I should advise you to walk a little further along, and I dare say you will see a good many short, dark gentlemen."

"Votes" Were in Sir Weetman's Line.

SIR WEETMAN PEARSON, the popular member for Colchester, was holding a meeting on the night previous to the election in that town.

After the address, he invited questions from his audience. One or two were asked and satisfactorily disposed of.

"Does anybody else want to ask a question?" inquired the candidate.

A bright idea flashed across a Colchester native—a man, not an oyster. Springing to his feet, he flourished a copy of Pearson's Weekly, and, in stentorian tones, put the well-known question: "Have you got that Ten-Pound Note?"

"Oh, no!" replied Sir Weetman, amidst the roar of his audience, "I'm not the Pearson. Notes are not in my line, but, if you spell it with a 'v,' I expect I'll have some to spare to-morrow night."

Misunderstood.

RECENTLY a firm of the name of Pearson had reason to suspect one of their employes of dishonesty, as various small sums had disappeared mysteriously, leaving no trace of the perpetration of the theft. The last thing that had been taken was a £10 note.

One of the said employes, a good honest fellow, was one day walking moodily along, brooding over the matter, when he was accosted by a passer-by with "Are you one of Pearson's men?"

"Yes," he replied, "I am," wondering why a stranger should ask him such a question.

"Then perhaps you've got that Ten-Pound Note?" said the man, at the same time flourishing a paper before the amazed eyes of the innocent employe.

The latter looked at him for a moment and then broke out with:

"What do you mean, you scoundrel?" and the next instant the inquirer measured his length upon the pavement.

The Ten-Pound Note seeker picked himself up, saying:

"You're pretty rough on a fellow, and though I've asked dozens of others the same question, you are the only one that has flogged me."

Explanations followed, with the result that Pearson's employe himself set out to seek for a Ten-Pound Note.

Now Called "Pearson's Parson."

A few days ago I was invited to preach the harvest festival sermon at a certain church in Manchester. The Vicar, an old friend of mine, asked me in the vestry, just before the service commenced, to announce to the congregation during my sermon that a gentleman had that morning put an envelope into his (the Vicar's) hands containing a cheque, which cheque would entirely free from debt a certain young man's club connected with the church.

"Tell this good news as you think fit," said the Vicar to me.

Towards the end of my sermon I said:

"I carry with me something which affects every person in this congregation. It may seem strange that I, almost a stranger to you all, should come from London to tell you this. However, I am not going to tell you what this mysterious 'something' is yet. You will know later."

On leaving the church with the Vicar, after service, I heard a rush behind me. Before I could say "Jack Robinson" I was surrounded. Seven men, two women, and three or four children (all with Pearson's Weekly in their hands) breathlessly yelled at me: "Have you got it? Have you got that Ten-Pound Note? You have it, sir; you have the Note, haven't you?"

At first I was utterly taken aback. I thought some kind

of a joke was being played upon me. The Vicar stood still, speechless, dumfounded.

In a second, in an instant, it all flashed across me—"Pearson's." My reference that morning from the pulpit had done it all; I could see it now.

"No, no; I haven't got the Ten-Pound Note, my friends!" I exclaimed hurriedly. "I wish I had; haven't had one for a very long time; no prospect of getting one, either."

The small crowd dispersed at this, but very reluctantly indeed. They really thought then that I was "doing" them, so to speak. During the afternoon whilst speaking to the young men at the Men's Hall, I explained my morning's adventure, much to the amusement of all present.

I had, I may as well say, a letter from my friend the Vicar this morning, in which he says that I am now known by the young men of his congregation as "Pearson's Parson."

Nelson's Ten-Pounder.

THE other day, while passing a small, out-of-the-way museum, I observed a huge placard at the door bearing the words:

"WE HAVE ARRANGED FOR THE TEN-POUNDER TO BE HERE THIS EVENING AT SEVEN O'CLOCK. IT'S NO GOOD WAITING OUTSIDE. YOU MUST COME IN OR YOU'LL HAVE NO CHANCE. ADMISSION 6d."

At 6.30 that evening I got into the place. It was crammed to the door with eager Pearsonites. At seven o'clock the manager turned up the light and wheeled a small old brass cannon to the front of the platform.

"Ere you are, gentlemen," he began. "This is a ten-pounder which was captured by the great Lawd Nelson at the Battle of Trafalgar, fought—"

He got no further.

That museum is now undergoing a course of repair, and so are the officials connected therewith.

The Attendant Laughed.

THE other day, confident that my unflagging quest for a "Pearson's Ten-Pounder" had been rewarded, I was in one of the rooms of a suburban picture-gallery, when a young fellow jauntily walked in, having the air of one who was "all on his own," and with loads of time to do it in. An extremely likely gentleman, thought I, to hold one of those Envelopes, so after a very short preliminary word-skirmish, I produced the current number of P.W., and fired my Long-Tom by saying, "Have you got that Ten-Pound Note, sir?"

"Yes, certainly," suavely replied he, "don't you want it?"

My answer was, of course, in the affirmative, on which he took my paper, and, looking at the date, said, "Yes, that's all right," and commenced fumbling in his pockets. I thanked him, and started to dilate on my exceeding good luck, and my cuteness in having specially selected him, finally inquiring if he wanted my name and address, when, hearing a hearty laugh behind me, I turned and saw a respectably-dressed man, who said:

"You needn't mind giving your address or name to that chap, governor. I have heard most of what you have been speaking about; but you're on the wrong tack this voyage. This gentleman is in my charge; he is a patient in the private lunatic asylum at Fulham."

I was flabbergasted and very hastily trekked!

Rough on the Policeman.

THE other night, on coming out of the station at Crouch End, I found a huge concourse of people assembled watching a fight between two artful young ruffians and the frantic efforts of a red-headed policeman trying to separate them and arrest the aggressor. After a severe struggle the policeman (who had been on the ground and looked somewhat dishevelled), with the aid of an outside porter, secured his victims and marched off triumphantly.

As the policeman had both hands occupied, I thought it a good opportunity not to be missed, and stepping up to him, with a flourish of P.W. before his red face, asked him if he had the Ten-Pound Note.

After the question I had an immediate engagement round the corner.

She Deserved It.

THERE was a big political meeting held recently in Morecambe, Mr. Winston Churchill and other prominent M.P.'s being in attendance. Prior to the meeting, a report gained currency and was considerably credited that one of Pearson's Weekly Ten-Pound Men would be present during the proceedings.

A lady, a total stranger, was evidently bent on having the coveted Envelope, for she took up a prominent position at the main entrance to the building, and for nearly an hour was kept busy putting the usual or necessary question, without, however, any results.

The meeting formally opened, and, the various speeches nearly exhausted, several questions were asked the candidate and duly answered. Nothing daunted, the strange lady rose from a back seat, and, amidst much excitement, cried out:

"I say, mister, will you answer me a question; yes or no?"

"Most certainly," replied the candidate for future honours, little suspecting the nature of the lady's errand.

Then, holding up her copy of P.W., she fairly set the company roaring by crying out:

"Have you got that Ten-Pound Note?"

A few moments elapsed before the gentleman really understood the question, and, not before the worthy M.P. for Preston had whispered the meaning, when he replied:

"No."

Another loud cry:

"Then has anyone in the company got the Note?"

After order had been somewhat restored the meeting proceeded, and the lady was observed vanishing from the building, muttering:

"Well, oh, never mind; it's not for want of trying."

Have You Got That £10 Note?

The Editor of PEARSON'S WEEKLY has sent out a number of men, each with a Sealed Envelope containing a letter entitling the recipient to the sum of £10. To secure one of these Envelopes it is only necessary to ask one of the Ten-Pound Men the question: "Have you got that Ten-Pound Note?" and at the same time to show a current copy of PEARSON'S WEEKLY. Full details of the scheme will be sent on application to Room 36, Pearson's Buildings, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

[Captures this week will be found reported upon Page 285].

What Did You Think of the Chorus of the Song published in P.W.?

PERHAPS you have not secured a copy of the Song, so you do not know what the first part is like. It is really charming.

The following extracts are from letters received from those who have already purchased the Song:

WALWORTH.—J. S. L. writes: "You said the Song was pretty; I think it is beautiful! I play it on my harmonium, and people who are going by the house stop to listen."

HAMPSTEAD.—H. L. P. writes: "Thanks for the copy of the Song, which I tried over this evening. I am really quite satisfied with it, and I think that the tune has come to stay, even if the words die when their meaning is lost by the end of the Ten-Pound Scheme."

BELFAST.—J. O. C. writes: "I inclose postal order for eighteenpence, and shall be glad if you will send me another copy of the Song. It is for a friend of mine who is going to sing it (with your permission) at a smoker next Saturday. I will let you know how it is received."

DUNSTABLE.—L. P. writes: "The Song turned up all right. I quite understand how the delay occurred. Next time I will be more careful in writing my address. I like the tune of the Song very much, but the words, I think, might be improved."

NORWICH.—J. S. writes: "On trying over the chorus of the Song in this week's Pearson's Weekly I sent for a copy of the Song, and I have just tried the first part. My little boy—aged seven—is going to dress up and sing it at his birthday-party on November 3rd. I suppose I do not require formal permission for this to be done?"

Permission has already been given to a large number of artists to sing the Song at theatres and music-halls, concerts and smokers. As soon as it is possible to get the information, a list will be published telling where the Song may be heard.

Comedians who wish to sing the Song should write to the TEN-POUND SONG DEPARTMENT, Pearson's Buildings, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., when their letters will receive immediate attention.

NO MUSICAL EVENING } is complete
NO SMOKING CONCERT } without
NO EVENING PARTY } the Song.

Copies of the Song may be obtained from newsagents for 1s. 4d., or direct from this office for 1s. 6d., post free.

THOUSANDS OF COPIES have been sent out all over the country, and orders are pouring in in hundreds every day.

IN ADDITION TO BEING on all the organs of Messrs. Chiappa and Company, it is also on over 500 organs of Messrs. Pasquale and Company, of 5 Phoenix Place, London, W.C., who are also including it in their new Patent Automatic Penny-in-the-Slot Pianos.

£10 for a Poster.

A prize of £10 is offered for the best poster used for advertising any business, which contains, boldly displayed, the words, "HAVE YOU GOT THAT TEN-POUND NOTE?" or "HAVE YOU PEARSON'S TEN-POUND NOTE?"

A sample of the poster appeared last week. It is necessary, however, that this poster should have been printed and used in advertising by the competitor.

All attempts should reach this office not later than Monday, November 26th, in envelopes marked "Bill."

Played on the Stage.

Two sketches have been written on the subject of the Ten-Pound Note, one lasting about half-an-hour, and one about fifteen minutes.

In No. 1 sketch the cast consists of four actors and two actresses.

In No. 2 sketch the cast consists of two actors and one actress.

Any organisers of entertainments for Christmas, such as church bazaars, or Christmas parties, or private theatricals, who wish to include either of these sketches in their attractions, should write to the "Ten-Pound Sketch Department," Pearson's Buildings, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

We have in preparation a fresh development of this Scheme which will interest everyone. Meanwhile, keep your eyes open for the Ten-Pound Men in your town or village.

RAILWAY MEN should see our announcement in the current number of the RAILWAY HERALD. They will find there something to interest them.

BAKERS.—Several items of special interest to bakers and confectioners concerning this Scheme will be found in the BAKERS' TIMES (price 1d.), of all stationers. No baker should fail to secure a copy. It may mean £10 to him.

TOBACCONISTS would do well to get a copy of the November number of the TOBACCO TRADE REVIEW, in which they will find something of special interest to them concerning this Scheme.

GROCERS should not miss getting a copy of the GROCERS' GAZETTE (price 1d.), published on Saturday. There is something in it of great interest.

BOOT AND SHOE DEALERS.—In the SHOE AND LEATHER RECORD (price 2d.), published on Friday, will be found something of special interest concerning the Scheme.

A Ten-Pound Man will be in Trafalgar Square some time between one and three on Monday next, November 5th.

A prize of £10 is offered to the person from whom we receive the best anecdote relating to the Ten-Pound Scheme. All attempts should be sent in envelopes addressed: TEN-POUND STORY EDITOR, Pearson's Buildings, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., not later than Monday, Nov. 19th.



HOW STEEL BOATS ARE MADE.

In a recent number we showed how the Germans had wrested from us the Blue Riband of the Atlantic, and how the Hamburg-American liner *Deutschland* has broken all records by completing her passage from New York to Plymouth in five days and a half. When the *Deutschland* was built her owners determined she should surpass everything afloat, and amongst other improvements provided her with steel lifeboats instead of the old-fashioned wooden ones.

It will be seen at once what a great improvement this is, for such lifeboats will be practically indestructible. An instance of this was when the *Mohegan* was wrecked on the terrible Manacles Rocks. Her lifeboats were launched, with the result that the wooden ones were smashed into matchwood, while her steel lifeboats were simply bulged by the rocks, one to the extent of fifteen inches, the boats still remaining watertight.

Rocks which will stave in the planks of wooden boats and smash them into pieces, will only batter dents into a steel boat. As these steel boats are made in England P.W. determined to pay the makers a visit to gather interesting information regarding the manufacture of the novel vessels.

Of course, the works-manager is a Scotsman—workmen always are—and, like many of the workmen, hails from the Clyde, the home of ship-building.

Passing through the yard with its scores of boats in all stages of construction, we entered the first workshop, which was littered with the sheets of Siemens-Martin's steel which were destined to float later as lifeboats and cutters.

It appears that it is impossible to obtain sheets of suitable steel large enough to construct boats from, so such sheets have to be made by welding.

SEVERAL OF THE LARGEST SHEETS

obtainable. The only suitable method of doing this is by means of electricity.

The steel sheets are placed on a specially constructed platform, and are firmly clamped together in such a manner as to present their edges to form a complete large sheet. Then they are electrically welded.

The welding-shop presents a picturesque appearance, as the welding tools come into action. A workman holds in his hands a tool not unlike a soldering iron with a thick cable attached to the handle. Instead of a piece of copper at the end, there is a stout length of carbon. The cable is connected with a powerful electric dynamo, and, of course, is very well insulated.

The tool is placed into action by moving a great electric switch, which is fastened on the wall and is connected with the dynamo. When the electric current is switched on, and the carbon end of the tool applied to the steel sheets, the place is illuminated with the dazzling brilliancy of incandescent steel, while dense fumes of vaporised steel fill the atmosphere.

It is an extraordinary sight, this welding process. Imagine the July sun thrown into the middle of a large workshop, and you will obtain an idea of the painful effulgence caused by the electric welding apparatus. Indeed, the light is so intense as to require special means to enable the workmen to see what they are doing in the midst of the blinding glare.

They look through a piece of dense red glass, so dense as to be opaque, practically, to all ordinary light. This glass is fitted in a wooden frame, and is surrounded by

A METALLIC HOOD.

which serves the double purpose of shielding the face from the heavy fumes, and protecting it and the hand from the great heat.

The carbon end was lightly placed on a seam, and a curious change took place; wherever the carbon touched, the steel melted and flowed after it, like melted solder following the copper-bit. What had been so id steel before was now a watery liquid, filling up every space and crevice and flowing about in a most curious manner, as though it were bewitched.

Meantime, asphyxiating vapours rose in dense clouds from the fluid steel and curled round the protecting shield. The man holding the carbon lifted it up when he thought the process complete, and the white-hot steel rapidly cooled to bright red. Another man showered blows from a hammer on the red patches, sending out a brilliant spray of sparks.

Shaping the steel is done by means of an exceedingly powerful hydraulic press, one of the largest in the world, which lends the steel into form with the greatest ease. This massive structure is built on deep foundations of immense strength, and has no more difficulty in pressing the steel than you or I would have in crushing up a piece of tinfoil.

The die of the boat which is to be made is placed at the top, supported on great pillows. This top die is

convex in shape and is made up of several pieces of steel. The movable portion of the press is underneath, and consists of a platform, into which is built a concave die as a matrix for the upper die to fit into. Thus, it will be seen, when the platform moves up, anything placed on it will be squeezed between the dies and shaped accordingly. As the dies are made to take to pieces, any kind of die can be fitted.

Close to the press is a long furnace. The steel plate which is to form one side of the boat is placed into the furnace until it is red hot. When sufficiently heated it is dragged on to the platform and firmly fastened in proper position.

Then the press is put into action. Gently, making less noise than a boy with a hammer and a box of tacks, it rises until it kisses the top die. By the time the rams descend, the steel is cold and shaped to the form of half a boat, that is, a complete boat-side.

It is not always convenient to shape the boat in the press, so there is another electric welding apparatus in this building which welds the sides formed by cutting pieces out to shape the plate.

From this building the moulded sides are taken to an evil-smelling shed where they are galvanised. First of all they are well rubbed, and brushed, and scoured. To insure perfect cleanliness they are then pickled in vast tanks of hydrochloric acid.

Finally they reach the depositing baths. In these baths the steel is treated in exactly the same manner as a watch-chain is when it is electro-plated, with the exception that zinc is deposited instead of silver.

After the sides are galvanised they are fastened together in sets. The two sides are rivetted to the keel by means of hydraulic punches and rivetters, and so the rough boat is finished.

It next undergoes the finishing-off process, is painted, and handed over to the woodworkers. After the woodworkers finish,

OTHER WORKMEN TAKE THEIR TURN.

and finally a beautiful boat is the result—a boat whose symmetry of form is good to behold.

A steel boat can be used under circumstances which would not admit of a wooden boat. Thus a steel pinnace was made for a party of gentlemen who suffered from the Klondyke fever. It was made in three sections, which telescoped into a third of the length of the complete boat, and was correspondingly easy to transport.

In this form it was shipped to Montreal, and then was sent overland to Yukon. Arriving at the Yukon River, it was fitted together, and launched, and probably is now on its way Polewards.

All recent naval wars have shown that everything on deck composed of wood is ignited at the very commencement of action, generally causing panic, and always interfering with the working of the guns owing to the dense smoke.

The wideawake Russian Government has placed an order for some specially devised naval boats of unique character. The whole of the fittings of these vessels will be made of steel, so that a shell cannot set the vessel on fire nor hurl death-dealing splinters around, as would be the case with ordinary vessels. P.W. was informed that the dies for these novel boats are being constructed so that the Company may be able to turn out the Russian boats early next year. Other naval Powers, including our own, are closely watching this innovation, with the intention of taking a leaf out of Russia's book.

To sum up the result of P.W.'s investigations, all that is necessary in order to make a seamless steel boat is to get a suitable piece of metal, squeeze it, fit it, and paint it—and there you are!

Helping the Enemy.

A COALHEAVER was getting in a load of coal in the suburbs of London. He was shovelling in the coals at a good rate when he was startled by a terrific yell from the house adjoining.

"Wot the dickens is the matter?" queried the coalman, starting up.

A dishevelled-looking individual made his appearance at the door.

"Matter, you thickhead!" shouted the man, frantically endeavouring to pull his hair up in clots by the roots, "you are putting the coal down the wrong hole. My wife's people live there!"

"Does your latest novel enjoy a large sale?" he inquired.

"I don't know whether the novel enjoys it or not," replied the author, "but I do."

ANNABELLE: "Do you still keep company with that Johnson?"

Arabelle: "Yes, when I know he is coming I always have someone else in the room."

MRS. NEWLYWED (to cook, whom she has just engaged at registry office): "You see, my husband is so very particular about his food."

Cook (sympathetically): "They're all alike, mem. My old man was just the same. I never cooked nothink to please him in my life!"

FOOTBALL SKILL COMPETITION.

£100 Prize Awarded Every Week.

RESULT OF COMPETITION NO. 2.

THE following six competitors sent in the correct results and the prize of £100 has therefore been divided between them, each competitor receiving £16 13s. 4d.

W. Owens, 4 Pindar Street, Everton, Liverpool.
Mrs. J. W. Page, Ivy Bank, Wroxham, Norfolk.
J. Auckland, 10 Beacon Street, Lichfield, Staffs.
David Gillespie, 12 Keir Street, Pollokshields, Glasgow.
D. Pope, 5 Vernon Place, Birkenhead.
T. W. Scurrell, 34 Brunswick Avenue, Beverley Road, Hull.

To the competitor from whom we receive the correct result of all the matches below we will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED POUNDS. If no competitor gives all the results correctly the Hundred Pounds will be awarded to the person or persons most nearly correct.

THINGS TO REMEMBER.

1. Coupons may be sent either from P.W. or SHORT STORIES.
2. All coupons must reach us not later than Friday, November 9th, first post.
3. Competitors should cut out the coupon below, score it as directed, put their name and address in the space provided, and send to "COUPON No. 5," Pearson's Buildings, Henrietta Street, W.C.
4. All coupons are at senders' risk, and if they go astray, from whatever cause, we do not accept responsibility.
5. Competitors must attach their private address to their attempts. No prize will be sent to any post-office, refreshment rooms, or other places at which letters are called for. Attempts bearing such addresses will be disqualified.
6. In the event of a tie the prize will be divided.
7. Competitors may send in any number of attempts.
8. It must be taken as a condition of the competition that anybody competing therein agrees to abide by the Editor's final decision.

You should get the football coupon in **SHORT STORIES**. It is the simplest thing of the kind. You have one forecast free and you may have as many more as you like at one penny a time with this surprising discount, viz., that you may make nine extra attempts for sixpence and eighteen for one shilling.

Football Coupon No. 5.

Matches to be played on Saturday, November 10th.

Cross out which you consider will be the losing club. For a draw don't cross out either.

- | | |
|-------------------------|------------------------|
| 1 Notts Forest | 2 Derby County. |
| 3 Liverpool | 4 Aston Villa. |
| 5 Blackburn Rovers | 6 Sunderland |
| 7 West Bromwich Albion | 8 Sheffield Wednesday. |
| 9 Manchester City | 10 Notts County. |
| 11 Walsall | 12 Burnley. |
| 13 Small Heath | 14 Chesterfield. |
| 15 New Brighton | 16 Leicester Fosse. |
| 17 Woolwich Arsenal | 18 Newton Heath. |
| 19 Queen's Park Rangers | 20 Southampton. |

Name.....

Address.....

CUT OUT COUPON AND POST TO US UNFOLDED.
Intending competitors should procure a copy of "The Football Who's Who." Price one shilling, of all booksellers.

NEVER MIND TWENTY TEAZER

sign the coupon on the front page.

475 INSURANCE CLAIMS HAVE BEEN PAID.
(Including one of a Thousand Pounds.)

This Insurance holds good for any number of claims to the extent of £1,000—not for one only. £1,000 specially guaranteed by the OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION LIMITED, 40, 42, and 44 Moorgate Street, London, E.C., to whom notice of claims, under the following conditions, must be sent within seven days to the above address. Insurance ticket, applicable to passenger trains in Great Britain and Ireland, issued under section 35 of the Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act, 1890.

will be paid by the above Corporation to the legal representative of any person killed by an accident to the train in which the deceased was an ordinary ticket-bearing passenger (including holders of season and excursion tickets, and post-office officials in any of the railway sorting vans, and railway servants travelling with pass or railway servants' ticket in an ordinary carriage), and who, at the time of such accident, had in his, or her, possession, the Insurance Coupon on the first page, or the paper in which it is, with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or pencil on the space provided at the foot. This paper may be left at his, or her, place of abode, so long as the coupon is signed.

PROVIDED ALSO, that the said sum will be paid to the legal representative of such person injured should death result from such accident within three calendar months thereafter, and that notice of the accident be given within three days of its occurrence.

One Hundred Pounds will be paid to whomsoever the Editor of Pearson's Weekly may decide to be Next-of-kin of any cyclist who meets his death by an accident while actually riding a cycle, provided that deceased at the time of such accident, had in his, or her, possession, the Insurance Coupon on the first page, or the paper in which it is, with his, or her, usual signature written in ink or pencil on the space provided at the foot, and that death occurred within twenty-four hours thereafter, and that notice was given of such accident to the said Corporation at above address, within three days of its occurrence.

Subscribers who have duly paid a twelve-months' subscription to PEARSON'S WEEKLY in advance to their newsagent, or to the publisher, need not, during the period covered by their subscription, sign the coupon, or carry the paper on their person. It is only necessary to forward the newsagent's receipt to the publisher of the paper, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., and a certificate will be sent in exchange.

The above conditions are the essence of the contract.

This insurance holds good for the current week of issue only, and entitles the holder to the benefit of, and is subject to, the conditions of the "Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act," 1890, Bills No. 2 and 3.

The Purchase of this publication is admitted to be the payment of a Premium under Sec. 34 of the Act. A Print of the Act can be seen at the office of this Journal, or of the said Corporation. No person can recover on more than one Coupon Ticket of this paper in respect of the same risk.

If you want good value for your money, buy **SHORT STORIES**, every Tuesday, only one penny.

32 Ten-Pound Men Caught.

£320 ALREADY PAID.

SINCE last week two more Scaled Envelopes have been claimed. The lucky recipients are:

Bristol.—Mr. Thomas Kidman, 5 Brook Street, Bedminster, captures No. 45.

LONDON (Crystal Palace).—Mrs. J. Menzies, 85 Seymour Buildings, Seymour Place, W., captures No. 24.

Report of Mr. Thomas Kidman, of 5 Brook Street, Bedminster, Bristol, who captured No. 45.

Directly I entered the ground and had taken up my position in the 6d. part of the field, I started asking everyone I suspected the usual question, "Have you got that Ten-Pound Note?"

About ten minutes after the interval, I noticed a gentleman standing in front of me, and, of course, as per usual, I tapped him on the shoulder with the *Pearson's* and asked him the old story, "Have you got the Note?" He took hold of the paper and looked at the date, shook his head, handed me back the paper and moved on.

Noticing the manner he took the paper from me and looked at the date, it impressed me very much, and after securing another paper, I started off to search for that particular gentleman again, and after going over one half of the ground twice, I was just thinking of going on the last lap after him, when, on looking round, lo and behold there he stood! I whipped out my *Pearson's*, and was on him like a bee on a daisy, and after seeing the date was correct this time, he took my name down in his pocket-book, then had the pleasure of handing the Envelope to me.

A Bristol Man Captures No. 45 at the Bristol City v. Bristol Rovers Football Match.—Report of Ten-Pound Man No. 45:

On Saturday I attended the big football match between Bristol City and Bristol Rovers. About 15,000 visitors were there. I passed into the grounds through the gate in the ordinary way—one of the immense crowd.

When half-time was called I sauntered round the grounds with hundreds of others.

I stood for a moment owing to a crush and a block on my left, and presently I felt a finger-touch on my right arm. "Beg pardon—Have ye got this Ten-Pound Note?" asked a working-man, at the same time showing me a copy of *Pearson's Weekly* of October 2nd. My eye fell on the date, and I shook my head and passed on.

The players were now on the field again. One of them got severely hurt, and was taken off by the ambulance corps. That incident caused a lull. Again I started off for a saunter—the excitement was less intense for a moment—and again I felt a

gentle touch on my arm; and turning round saw the man who had challenged me before. This time he flourished a current copy of *Pearson's Weekly*.

I was caught. The eyes of hundreds were now taken off the game and centred on my capturer and me. As I delivered up the Scaled Packet to the persevering winner, stentorian cheers were raised, and the news was telegraphed round the grounds: "The Ten-Pound Note is captured! The Ten-Pound Note is captured!" The winner is a Bristol man, and his name and address: Mr. Thomas Kidman, 5 Brook Street, Bedminster, Bristol.

Man-Hunt at the Crystal Palace.—Ten-Pound Man No. 24 Captured by a Lady.

The Palace was packed, and I realised that the man hunt had begun in real earnest.

In the middle of the building nearly everybody carried a copy of *Pearson's Weekly*, and men, women, and children asked, and were being asked "Have you got that Ten-Pound Note?" One pretty little girl of about three years of age was particularly busy; unfortunately for her, although I passed and re-passed her two or three times, she allowed me to go unchallenged. Out and in among this crowd of questioners I moved freely, and was much interested in the different methods adopted by them.

I was just passing the "Flying Lady" side-show, about 6.40, when close behind me I heard the long-expected question.

Turning, I found a tall lady holding out to me a copy of *Pearson's Weekly*. Laughingly I said: "You know you must have a current copy of the paper." "Oh! we bought it on purpose," she said.

I then told her I had pleasure to hand her the Ten-Pound Note.

"Really. Oh! where is my husband?" she exclaimed.

The news soon spread through the building, though half-an-hour afterwards there were many still asking at the other end of the Palace.

The winner is Mrs. J. Menzies, 85 Seymour Buildings, Seymour Place, London, W., whom, to my knowledge, I had never seen before.

Report of Mrs. J. Menzies, 85 Seymour Buildings, Seymour Place, W., who captured No. 45 at the Crystal Palace last Saturday.

Having made up our minds to go to the Crystal Palace on Saturday, and hearing your Ten-Pound Note Man was to be there, my husband and I thought we would get a copy of *Pearson's Weekly*, and join in the man-hunt. We put the question to ever so many people, but the general answer was, "Wish I had."

We had almost given up hope when, as we were passing one of the side-shows, my husband and I got separated, and I saw a gentleman walking in front of me, whom I thought I would ask. To my great surprise, he politely raised his hat and looked at my copy of *Pearson's Weekly*. Hardly knowing what to say in my excitement, I barely thanked him and hurried off to look for my husband, to let him know my good fortune.

[You will find more about the Scheme on Page 283.]

Hardly What Was Meant.

In a Scotch school was a teacher, by name Baird, who had a class of unruly boys to deal with.

One day, while the geography lesson was proceeding, Baird noticed one of his pupils take a large orange from his pocket and begin to demolish it. He was very angry at the young rascal's behaviour, and cried out to him:

"I say, there, put that orange out of sight."
The boy looked up from the book, and saying, "Can ye no see I'm daeing that a' the time?" calmly proceeded to finish his orange.

TEACHER: "Johnny, tell me the name of the tropical belt north of the equator?"

Johnny: "Can't, sir."

Teacher: "Correct. That will do."

YOUNG LADY: "Oh, you wicked boy! robbing the poor bird of its young ones. Do you ever consider how sad you make their mother?"

"Oh," replied the boy, "their mither disna care, for that's her you've got in yer hat."

OLD GENTLEMAN (to ticket collector): "Your life, my young friend, I imagine, is a laborious one, and full of trials?"

Collector: "Yes, sir; but there are moments when it is filled with peace and happiness and joy."

Old Gentleman: "When your wages are paid I suppose?"

Collector: "No, sir; when I slam the gate in the face of somebody who is in a great hurry."

FOOTBALL WHO'S WHO.



Cloth, price 1s. net;

Post Free, 1s. 3d.

Contains the biographies of nearly 1,000 of the best-known players, together with statistics and much general information relating to all the prominent Association clubs. It gives information as to the various leagues, cups, and other trophies, rules, fixtures, etc., etc., and will be found invaluable to all followers of football.

Copies may be had from Booksellers or from the Publisher.

17 HENRIETTA STREET, W.C.

ILLUSTRATED POST-CARDS MADE AT HOME.

No Chemicals. Simple washing in water. 12 Prepared Cards, 12 Masks & Discs. Post Free, 1s. 2d.

MARION & CO., 22, 23 Soho Square, LONDON.

10/- TO 50/- A WEEK

can be easily earned by Agents, Carriers, or others similarly employed. Whole or spare time. For full particulars of Terms, Free Samples, &c., apply to M. LINDNER, 110 FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.

"ATLAS" LOCK-STITCH SEWING MACHINE 39s.

For one month's trial on receipt of 8/- P.O. Balance can be paid monthly if desired. Write for List, Work, Samples, ATLAS MACHINE CO., 124, High St., Camden Town, E.C.1. 63 Seven Sisters Road, N.1. 16 High Road, Kilburn.

ORGAN BOOK FREE

WRITE TO-DAY—NOW— and have a copy of the most handsomely got-up book about organs ever published. Give a lot of useful information—a real education in organ buying, and tells you just why the Cornish is the finest Organ ever made. 'Cornish Organs' are offered to the public.

ONE YEAR'S FREE TRIAL, a liberal offer that you certainly should take advantage of. You will find all about it in the book we send you. 'Cornish Organs' are known all over the world, and famous wherever they are known.

50 YEARS' REPUTATION of the 'Cornish' says all that is necessary. Write for the book to address below.

J. H. OSBORNE, 15 CHARTERHOUSE ST., LONDON, E.C. CORNISH & CO., WASHINGTON, NEW JERSEY, U.S.A. A Piece of Piano Music FREE to everyone mentioning this Paper.

CLEAVES' DEVONSHIRE CLOTTED CREAM CONFECTIONS.

RICH, NUTRITIOUS, ABSOLUTELY PURE, THEREFORE BEST.

"Purest Materials, Excellent Flavour."
—Lancet.
"Exceptionally Choice, Uniformly Delicious."
—Court Circular.
"Such Delicious and Harmless Dainties."
—Family Doctor.

JOHN CLEAVE & SON LIMITED, CREDITON, DEVON.

WEAK EYES

that quickly tire, cannot bear bright light, and both look and feel sore, are cured by SINGLETON'S EYE OINTMENT. This marvellous remedy, is sold by all chemists and stores in ancient pedestal pots for 2/- each, has 300 years' reputation, and if you keep it by you it does not lose its healing virtues. Send to STEPHEN GREEN, 210, Lambeth Road, London, for the little book "How to Preserve the Eyesight." This book should be seen by all who suffer from any eye trouble.

HAVE YOU TRIED KEATING'S LOZENGES FOR YOUR COUGH?

ANY DOCTOR WILL TELL YOU "there is no better Cough Medicine."—One gives relief: if you suffer from cough try them but once: they will cure, and they will not injure your health: an inimitable of over 50 years is a certain test of their value. Sold in 184d. tins.

WHEN YOU CANNOT SLEEP.

The late Professor Charteris, Professor of Materia Medica at the University of Glasgow, obtained the happiest results with a very simple remedy, and published his reports upon the subject in the medical papers. If any of the readers of this paper suffer with sleeplessness, they should write to BIRGOYNE, BURBIDGES and Co., 16 Coleman Street, London, for a pamphlet on the subject, post free. Sleeplessness can be easily remedied, and this pamphlet shows how.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

of every description direct from the MANUFACTURERS.
List A for Brass, Military and Orchestral Instruments.
List B for Banjos, Mandolins and Guitars.
List C for Musical Boxes, Polyphons, Organets, &c.
List D for Melodeons, Concertinas, Autoharps, &c.
List E for Pianos, Organs, and Harmoniums.

Catalogue sent post free on application.
JOSEPH RILEY & SONS, Constitution Hill, Birmingham. Best and Cheapest House in the Trade.

EVERY YOUNG MAN

can positively and speedily grow a Heavy, Handsome Moustache by a few applications of POMMADE DON COSSACK, the new Hair-forging Specific. Shaves guaranteed. Testimonials daily. Post free 1/3, 2/6, 4/6. W. DE CASTRO & CO., 16 Tudor St., London.

COLDS.

YOU SUFFER FROM COLDS? Then send at once, enclosing postal order for One Shilling, to the undersigned. He will send you particulars of an inhalant preventative which COSTS NOTHING and you need never suffer again. T. FRANCIS, STEEPLE MORDEN, ROYSTON, HERTS. THIS IS ABSOLUTELY GENUINE.

BAD WRITERS ARE

The GLOBE Typewriter at is a marvel at the price. £3 Enquire at once of Stores, Stationers, Ironmongers, &c., anywhere, or write for full particulars to the Globe Typewriter Limited, 110 CHEAPSIDE, LONDON, E.C.

A NUISANCE.

"SHARPSHOOTING FOR SPORT AND WAR."

By W. W. GREENER. Second Edition (Revised). Crown 8vo. 128 pp. 10 illustrations. Price 1s., of all Book-sellers; or of the Author, 1/2 post free. Send for Catalogue of Club Rifles, &c., to W. W. GREENER, Gunmaker, St. Mary's Square, BIRMINGHAM.

"PARKER" UMBRELLAS.

Patronized by Royalty. Buy from the Maker. The cheapest and best. Ladies' and Gent's Plain or Twill Silk. Parker's Hollow Ribbed Frames, Natural sticks. Post free 2/6 each. Send for Parker's New Illustrated List "ALL ABOUT UMBRELLAS," cost free. The greatest variety in the kingdom. RECOVERING, 2/6 each. J. E. PARKER Umbrella Works, Sheffield.

THE MOST NUTRITIOUS. EPPS'S GRATEFUL-COMFORTING. COCOA

BREAKFAST-SUPPER.

PEACH'S LACE CURTAINS

Direct from the Loom, Carriage Paid. 2/6 POPULAR PARCEL. 2/6 SPECIAL ADVANTAGE—All Curtains Same Pattern. LOT No. 57.—Containing: 1 pair 4yd. long, 3yd. wide, best quality Curtains for Drawing-room; 1 pair 3yd. long, 60in. wide, Dining-room Curtains; 1 pair 3yd. long, 50in. wide, for Bedroom; 1 length 8yd. Curtaining; 1 Claret Lace Table Centre, art shade. Fern sent if desired. Satisfaction guaranteed. GIVEN AWAY with each Parcel, 6 Lace Covers for Toilet Table, fringed, one 45in. long with 1 smaller. 100 Price List (post free) of Lace Curtains, Madras Muslins, Lace-edged Roller Blinds in every variety. Also Hosiery, "Stand Hard Wear," factory prices. Prize Medals—Chicago, Toronto, Ed. 1893. S. Peach & Sons, Lister Gate, Nottingham.

OLD FALSE TEETH BOUGHT.

Many ladies and gentlemen have by them old or disused false teeth, which might as well be turned into money. Messrs. R. D. & J. B. Fraser, of Princes Street, Ipswich (established since 1833), buy old false teeth. If you send your teeth to them they will remit you by return of post the utmost value; or, if preferred, they will make you the best offer, and hold the teeth over for your reply. If reference necessary, apply to Messrs. Bacon and Co., Bankers, Ipswich.

HAVE YOUR NAME, ADDRESS & MONOGRAM

BEAUTIFULLY PRINTED IN GOLD ON YOUR XMAS CARDS. SEND POSTCARD FOR SAMPLES OF NEWEST STYLES FROM 2/- PER DOZ., POST FREE. SHARP WALKER & CO., 259, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON.

A STOCK OF 10,000 PATENT WADDLED QUILTS, TORALUMS, OR BED COVERS,

(as illustration), at an enormous reduction, to clear out. SALE 3/6 PRICE. Covered with beautiful soft Oriental Kutchen Cloth, and on reverse side another beautiful floral design, size 54 by 60in. Special Offer: 3 Quilts for 10/-, or 6 for 19/-, or 12 for 38/-. Illustrated Bargain Catalogue of Carpets, Hearthrugs, Table Linen, Cur-tains, &c., post free, if mentioning *Pearson's Weekly* while writing. Cheques and P.O.s payable to F. HODGSON & SONS, Manufacturers, Importers and Merchants, Woodley Road, Leeds.

POST FREE FOUR STAMPS. A TREATISE ON

THE MODERN TREATMENT OF Nervous Diseases and Exhaustion by Local Absorption. Fully up to the advanced ideas on the subject. THE MARSTON CO., 59 and 60 Chancery Lane, London.

FREE. FREE. NO MONEY REQUIRED. WE TRUST YOU.

We give you your choice of either of these handsome presents for selling NINE articles of Jewellery at 1/6 each. (Regular Price 2/6).

OUR £2 10s. REAL SILVER WATCH (with Chain) or A REAL GOLD RING

Set with REAL DIAMONDS and other stones. SEND NO MONEY.

Just send us a stamped addressed envelope and say that you will either sell the Jewellery or return it to us if you fail to sell it. On receiving your letter we will at once post you the Jewellery. When sold send us the 11/- you have received for same and we will at once send you ABSOLUTELY FREE our £2 10s. Real Silver Watch with Chain, or the Gold Ring, whichever you desire. A WRITTEN GUARANTEE for TEN years sent with each watch. You can sell your Jewellery in a few minutes at 1/6 each article. We have thousands of testimonials as to the quality and value both of our Jewellery and Presents. Send no money. Write today. J. H. MARSTON & SONS, 59 & 60 CHANCERY LANE, LONDON. 251 CENTRAL CHAMBERS, GLASGOW.

HOME NOTES PAGE.

A PAGE MORE PARTICULARLY FOR LADIES.

ISOBEL will be glad to answer, in this page, questions of general interest upon household matters, so far as space permits. Envelopes should be marked HOME NOTES.

Keep the Vessels from Rust by placing them near the fire on the rack of the range, after they have been washed and wiped.

To Make Glazier's Putty. Mix whiting and linseed oil, and work them together to the consistency of dough. (Reply to TITMOUSE.)

Teacups, even when carefully kept, sometimes have dark stains at the bottom, caused by the action of the tannin in the tea. Salt, slightly moistened, will remove these, but in the case of very fine china it sometimes scratches it a little. Powdered whiting will be found quite harmless and equally good.

To Clean Alabaster. Ordinary dirt may be easily removed from alabaster by the application of soap and water, but if after this treatment stains still remain, cover with whiting, leave for some hours, wash off the whiting with clean water, and rub the parts where the stains were. (Reply to DONNETT.)

Jam Sandwich is a Useful Way of Using Scraps of Pastry. Roll the pastry very thin and with it cover a baking sheet. Spread with raspberry jam, or any other preserve, cover with another thin layer of paste, closing the edges. Bake in a very sharp oven and then cut into neat pieces to resemble sandwiches. Sift caster sugar over and serve on a d'oyley.

French Herrings. Take as many fresh herrings as you wish to use. Cut the fish open, and remove the backbones, then wash and dry thoroughly in a clean cloth. Take each piece of fish, brush over the inside with beaten egg, season with chopped onion, pepper and salt, and press together. When all are done in this way, have a pan of boiling fat ready, brush over each herring with egg, dip into fine breadcrumbs and fry till cooked. Serve very hot after drying on paper before the fire.

Tablecloths Usually Wear before they begin to show signs of wear generally. The folds are not always made in exactly the same place, even by the same laundress; but they usually are, and the centre fold always must come in the same place. It is a good plan after a time to cut a small piece off one side and one end of the cloth, for this insures all the folds being made in new places in the future, thus giving the whole cloth a fresh start. These little devices do not take long to carry out, and are a great economy in the household.

Roast Your Own Coffee and you are sure of getting it pure. At the same time, it is generally acknowledged that chicory in the proportion of about four ounces to a pound of coffee is an improvement, although this is a matter of taste. There are special French spirit lamps for roasting coffee. I cannot tell you the price, but they are procurable at any good culinary depot. The other alternative is to strew the beans thinly on a baking sheet, and roast in the oven. Shake every ten to fifteen minutes. When dark, and of a fragrant smell, the beans are done. Turn out to cool and store in an airtight tin. Roast frequently rather than in large quantities and grind the beans as required for use. (Reply to DEVOTED FRIEND.)

No Wardrobe is Complete Without One. Without what? you ask. Without a travelling cape is the reply. Many people maintain that although the ordinary golf cape is undoubtedly a useful garment it is not particularly becoming. They are right. With this week's HOME NOTES the pattern is given away of a very smart travelling wrap of reversible tweed. It is prettier than the ordinary golf cape, although equally useful; in fact, it might quite well take the place of the ordinary winter cape. Space will not permit me to say more here, so suffice it to mention that you will find full directions for cutting and making in HOME NOTES. The sketch in the margin will give you some idea of the cape in question.



idea of the cape in question.

My Advice to Those Furnishing a House in a Town is, have all curtains short enough to clear the floor when drawn back. Avoid all decorations that collect dust and cannot be easily freed of it. This is especially necessary in bedrooms.

Raspberry Pudding. Butter a pint basin and then line it with slices of thin bread and butter. Spread a layer of raspberry jam over the bottom and then bread and butter and so on until the basin is full. Then beat up one or two eggs with a pint of milk. Pour it over the pudding bottom, let it soak for an hour. Cover with a piece of buttered paper, then with a pudding cloth and steam for nearly an hour. Serve with sweet or wine sauce. (Reply to E. J. L.)

Try Cinnamon Sauce With Boiled Suet Pudding. Chop the suet very finely, and mix the pudding with milk, adding a little baking powder to the usual quantity of flour. Tie the pudding in a cloth and boil steadily for three hours. To make the sauce, boil three ounces of sugar with a stick of cinnamon in about a pint of water. After the mixture has well boiled, skim and strain. Thicken the sauce with cornflour, boil it up once and serve.

Damson Mould makes a very good sweet for a supper party at this season. Stew some damsons, drain off the juice and pass them through a sieve. Take six ounces of the purée, mix it with an equal quantity of caster sugar and stir till quite frothy. Then add half-an-ounce of dissolved gelatine and the whites of six eggs beaten to a stiff froth. Pour into a lightly greased mould and turn out when set. Serve with whipped cream or custard. As you wished for a really good sweet made with damsons, I have given you one from an old family recipe book. (Reply to HOUSEKEEPER.)

Stuffed Loin of Mutton is a very economical joint. Get your butcher to bone half a loin of mutton. Make some good stuffing, as you would for a roast hare, lay it on the meat where the bones have been taken away, and roll it up. With strong cotton sew the meat together, bind it round and round with wide tape, and bake for one hour and a half. Take off the tape, scatter browned crumbs and chopped parsley over. Serve with a good gravy and red currant jelly. This is a dainty dish either hot or cold, and not so extravagant as plain roast loin of mutton.

On Bottle Cleaning. It surprises me in these days, when all know the danger of lead-poisoning, how many otherwise careful housewives have bottles cleaned with shot. There is, perhaps, nothing that makes a bottle more quickly clean than to wash it by shaking a handful of shot and a little water in it; but it is a decidedly dangerous process, for even the most careful rinsing may fail to remove the minute particles of lead adhering to the glass. Why should shot be used at all? There are many things that answer the purpose equally well; for instance, salt and potato peel, clean sand, and tea leaves, and all quite harmless, while shot yields a constant risk of lead poisoning.

Lime Water for Babies. Wise mothers know how beneficial to infants the mixture of lime water with their food is; but very few of them know that they can make lime water at home quite well, instead of paying a high price for it. The following is the method to adopt: Slaked lime half-an-ounce, water two pints. Put the lime into a stoppered bottle with the water and shake well for two or three minutes. Allow it to stand till the sediment has fallen to the bottom, and then draw off the clear liquid into a well-stoppered green glass bottle for use. Many people can take milk, with lime water added to it in the proportion of a tablespoonful to a tumbler, when they cannot digest it alone.

Stewed Ox-Palates. Wash the palates in two or three waters the day before they are wanted and place in a stew-pan half full of cold water, let them boil up once or twice, then drain off the water and skin them. Now put the palates in a clean stew-pan with just enough good white stock to cover, add two carrots, a turnip, an onion, a sprig of parsley and any other vegetables at hand with salt, pepper, and allspice to taste. Let all stand gently at the side of the fire for six hours, then strain off the liquor into a basin, press the palates between two plates with a weight on them, and let them stand for twelve hours. Next day, cut out the meat with a sharp, round cutter of the size of a wineglass. Make some sauce with tomato ketchup, stock, and some meat extract, thickened with flour and butter. Warm up the ox-palates slowly in the sauce, and serve with fried sippets of bread. If preferred, fry the pieces of palate in egg and breadcrumbs, and pour the sauce round.

Isobel

HINTS TO SMALL INVESTORS.

Under this heading we reply to letters upon subjects connected with the investment of money. Careful consideration is given to every question submitted to us. Letters to be answered in the next possible issue must reach us not later than the first post on Tuesday morning, and be addressed to the Investment Editor, "Pearson's Weekly," Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

Small investors who bought Central London Preference on advice in this column a few weeks ago need not be frightened out of their holdings by the few articles that have been published by contemporaries. The favourite argument against the line is that the cause of good traffic during the early weeks of the working of the line were due to the novelty. This view is already falsified for the business of the company is increasing. Common sense should teach critics that novelty is no attraction to the Conservative English public in these matters. On the contrary, it is somewhat a drawback. But where a real want is supplied, as is the case with the line from the City to Shepherd's Bush, the public have no option but to use the line freely.

TALKING of underground railways, reminds one that a considerable amount of interest centres round Metropolitan stock and Metropolitan Districts. In the case of the former there has just been a considerable decline, and it is possible that some recovery may have developed by the time this is in the hands of readers. The present quotation is 87, which is 41 points lower than the highest in 1890, and a decline of 26 this year. Neither the rivalry of the Central London nor any other cause justifies so severe a decline, and small investors might do worse than make a study of the position, history, and prospects of this stock, with a view to purchasing.

WHILST Metropolitan has been declining of late, its foster-brother, District, has been recovering. There are two reasons given for this. On the one hand we are told that the allotment of Bow and Whitechapel Railway Debentures must favourably affect the price. For that new line will connect the District Railway with several new trunk lines, and add considerably to the traffic, especially as regards the carriage of Welsh coal to the docks on the Thames.

THE Russian Petroleum and Liquid Fuel Company's report for the year ended September last, will be presented about a week after this is in the hands of readers. The profits will be over £400,000, as compared with £210,000 for the previous year. To this must be added £270,000 brought forward from last time. So it will be seen that our hint to small investors to buy both the Ordinary and Preference shares of this company is fully justified.

It is well to be on guard against the artificial optimism created regarding Nitrate Companies' shares. The combination is nothing new, and although for some time it may work better than previous efforts in the same direction, it is more than likely that when prices are once more raised for this commodity, the whole unnatural arrangement will collapse. The great danger is that new fields for development will be offered by the Chilean Government directly the industry seems payable again.

THERE are a number of Westralian Amalgamations abroad. Small investors are particularly warned in this matter. Where several small mining companies have proved failures, it is obvious that no good can come of an amalgamation among them. In nearly every case where we have been appealed to on this subject, the companies interested have been proved valueless so far as their properties are concerned, and the amalgamation scheme is merely a desire to raise another call from the shareholders, which more than likely is intended to remunerate idle directors for another year or two. It is an old harp, but apparently by no means worn out.

PERSONAL ADVICE TO INVESTORS.

W. J. T. (Liverpool).—Do not join the amalgamation. It is throwing good money after bad.—G. M. (Kingston).—See our opinion of Metropolitan above.—Acts.—Do not join this amalgamation.—F. J. G. (Ilington).—We are communicating on the subject.—F. C. (Edinburgh).—The "bank" is a well-known money-lender's institution, and we strongly disapprove of the association you mention.—E. H. (Glasgow).—Hold Charterdale, Randfontein, the Cotto shares, and the iron company shares you mention.—C. A. (Pleasidilly).—We think well of Schibaleff Petroleum Preference for investment.—H. S. (Shanghai).—Better hold Pekin Syndicate shares, as there are strong people behind it.—W. L. (Wolverhampton).—Have nothing to do with the amalgamation.—W. K. W. (Eccleshampton).—Keep your money in Post Office.—"Benbow".—Hold these African shares.—E. P. (Brighton).—We are sending name of broker.—M. P. (Durham).—Better buy Metropolitan.—D. S. M. (Sunderland).—These tea shares have a fair chance of rising.—J. S. (Sunderland).—Schibaleff Pref. Loans.—"Allen" (Aylesbury).—We still recommend Schibaleff Pref.—"Mac".—We do not care for Coromandel. Do not buy the other shares you mention.—G. E. (Saltash).—Gaieties should be bought. Le Bois are too high for purchase. The other Theatre shares are risky.—W. L. T. (Burton-on-Trent).—A sound concern.—J. M. (Have nothing to do with this "bank".—D. H. J. (Blandford).—Try Russian Petroleum Pref.—"Mabs".—Hold all these shares.—W. J. B. (Forest Hill).—We do not care for this Gas Company.—"Freddy".—Have nothing to do with this "bank".—"Haro".—All good investments.

POSTAL RATES.

Name of Publication.	One Year	Half Year	3 Months
Pearson's Weekly	5. 0.	2. 6.	1. 6.
Home Notes	8. 8.	4. 4.	2. 2.
Short Stories	6. 6.	3. 3.	1. 8.
M.A.P.	6. 6.	3. 3.	1. 8.
Pearson's Magazine	9. 0.	4. 6.	2. 3.
Royal Magazine	6. 6.	3. 3.	1. 8.
Dressmaking at Home	2. 6.	—	—
Home Cookery	1. 6.	—	—

ALL POST FREE.

1900. OCT.	NOVEMBER.	DECEMBER.	1901. JAN.	FEBRUARY.	MARCH.	APRIL.	MAY.
M 3 14 21 28 T 5 12 19 26 W 3 10 17 24 31 T 4 11 18 25 F 5 12 19 26 S 6 13 20 27	M 4 11 18 25 T 5 12 19 26 W 3 10 17 24 31 T 4 11 18 25 F 5 12 19 26 S 6 13 20 27	M 5 12 19 26 T 6 13 20 27 W 4 11 18 25 T 5 12 19 26 F 6 13 20 27 S 7 14 21 28	M 6 13 20 27 T 7 14 21 28 W 5 12 19 26 T 6 13 20 27 F 7 14 21 28 S 8 15 22 29	M 7 14 21 28 T 8 15 22 29 W 6 13 20 27 T 7 14 21 28 F 8 15 22 29 S 9 16 23 30	M 8 15 22 29 T 9 16 23 30 W 7 14 21 28 T 8 15 22 29 F 9 16 23 30 S 10 17 24 31	M 9 16 23 30 T 10 17 24 31 W 8 15 22 29 T 9 16 23 30 F 10 17 24 31 S 11 18 25 31	M 10 17 24 31 T 11 18 25 31 W 9 16 23 30 T 10 17 24 31 F 11 18 25 31 S 12 19 26 31

For Bronchitis and Chronic Coughing.

A mother tells how Scott's Emulsion benefited herself and her baby.



MRS. ALICE GORE.
(From a Photograph.)

14, Victoria Avenue, Lauden Road, Small Heath,
Birmingham, January 15th, 1900.

Gentlemen,—I think it my duty to inform you of the great benefit I have derived from taking your Scott's Emulsion. Having read such a lot of good accounts of your preparation I decided to give it a trial, so sent to you for a sample bottle for my baby, who was cutting his teeth with bronchitis. He quite got rid of his cough and bronchitis. I decided to try it for myself, having a chronic cough and weak chest, and used it with the same beneficial effects. Whenever I have a slight cold or cough I shall certainly take it in preference to any other medicine. I shall certainly recommend Scott's Emulsion whenever an opportunity offers.

Yours gratefully,
(Signed) (Mrs.) ALICE GORE.

It is indeed essential that every household should be familiar with a remedy that can be absolutely relied upon to cure the ordinary maladies from which no household is entirely free. Coughs and colds, bronchitis and influenza, pay their regular visits in spite of every care, and once a remedy is known to cure these ailments it occupies an important place in the family.

Scott's Emulsion is especially a household remedy, because it has such a wide range of usefulness. The majority of all the common maladies of life result from a weak and defenceless state into which people unconsciously drift. Then a sudden change in the weather, or any strain to which the system is subjected results in an acute cold or bronchitis, or any one of many ills. By immediately relieving the throat and lungs, and by giving to the system resistive power and strength, Scott's Emulsion undoubtedly prevents many more serious complications. This preparation is a special form of cod-liver oil blended with hypophosphites of lime and soda, and glycerine.

In no other preparation will you find the same ingredients or the same process of manufacture. Our trade mark—which is known in nearly every country in the world—stands for something beyond the ordinary specific or the quack nostrum. Scott's Emulsion is a standard remedy, and may be relied upon to accomplish its purpose in the system, which is more than can be said of many other remedies. If you are convinced that a remedy like Scott's Emulsion is what you need, it certainly does not pay you to send your money in experimenting with unknown and untried preparations.

You can obtain a sample of Scott's Emulsion by sending threepence to cover postage to Scott & Bowne Limited, 95 Great Saffron Hill, London, E.C., and mentioning the name of this paper. All chemists sell Scott's Emulsion.



TRADE MARK.

Guy's Tonic Revives Strength.

Mr. B. HOWARD writes from Ryall Grove, Earl's Croome, Worcestershire:—
"I have found Guy's Tonic a wonderful help when run down; it is 'what I call a Strength Reviver.'"

A Real Tonic—not a Stimulant

When prostrate and worn-out at the end of an exhausting day's work, do not be persuaded that alcoholic drinks are required. The brief span of vigour and exhilaration produced by stimulants is but short-lived. It is succeeded by languor and lethargy more troublesome than before. But with Guy's nutritive and stimulating Tonic how different! The sufferer finds that a few doses will dissipate fatigue and infuse new energy upon the Muscular and Mental powers; lethargy goes, the sinking feeling vanishes, and Nervous terror and agitation are removed; hard brain-work becomes an intellectual enjoyment; the stomach is strengthened, the Liver regulated, and the entire Nervous System invigorated by its use.



GENTLEMEN,—Guy's Tonic has done wonders for me. I suffered from Indigestion of long standing and of a very severe character. I had loss of Appetite, more especially for breakfast, distension and general uneasiness after eating, as well as irresistible drowsiness after each meal. There were also flushings of the face, redness about the nose, unpleasant taste in the mouth, with a coated tongue, acidity, and gradually increasing bad Health. For strengthening the Stomach, and rousing the failing Appetite, I consider Guy's Tonic a most reliable medicine. I could not wish anything more agreeable to take.—Yours faithfully,
E. ROBERTS.

Strengthens

the

Stomach.

GENTLEMEN,—I can strongly recommend Guy's Tonic as a medicine of remarkable efficacy for Indigestion, loss of Appetite, sour taste in the mouth, palpitation, Headache, drowsiness after meals, with distressing Mental Depression and low spirits. Guy's Tonic must be a unique preparation for cases such as mine, for a few doses entirely removed my complaint. I wonder at people going on suffering, or spending their money in worthless things, when such a medicine as Guy's Tonic is procurable, and so cheap. They are to be pitied if they have not yet heard of its wonderful value.—Most truly yours,
M. A. BROOK.

Removes

Mental

Depression.

Can Eat Anything by the aid of Guy's Tonic.

"Hatfield Peveril, Witham.

"I was a Dreadful Sufferer from Indigestion; no Doctors could do me any 'good. I was afraid to eat anything. Seeing Guy's Tonic advertised, I gave it 'a trial. I began to feel better after the First Bottle. I took more till I was 'quite well, and could eat anything.—(Mrs.) E. Brickmore."

Quite Hungry after taking Guy's Tonic.

"Charleville Forest, Tullamore, King's Co., Ireland.

"I am truly thankful to say that I am greatly better. My Appetite has 'returned, and I feel quite hungry for my meals. I also have slept perfectly 'since I took Guy's Tonic. It is splendid.—(Miss) L. Diamond."

Nausea and Flatulence Removed by Guy's Tonic.

Mr. W. Campbell Muir, of Inistrynick, Dalmally, N.B., writes:—

"For the last four months I have been suffering from Nausea, Flatulence, 'and Depression. Occasionally three days would pass without my having eaten 'solid Food. I tried various remedies, which did good for a day or two, but the 'effects were not permanent, I thought at last I would try Guy's Tonic, and with 'great pleasure I have to inform you that I had only taken half a bottle before 'my Appetite returned, the Flatulence disappeared, and I am now as well as ever."

The Editor of the "Kentish Express"—the County paper of Kent—states in the issue for September 8th, 1900:

"On all sides we hear of the benefit derived from Guy's Tonic, and 'personally we have come across a case in which a gentleman who suffered for 'years from Dyspepsia, saw Guy's Tonic advertised in the 'Kentish Express,' 'and decided to give it a trial. At once he began to digest his food, as he had 'not done for years, and Guy's Tonic acted, as its name denotes, as a decided 'tonic to his system."

A new size (Six Ounce) Bottle of Guy's Tonic, price 1s. 1½d., is now on sale at all Chemists and Stores.

OVER SEVENTY YEARS' ESTABLISHED REPUTATION.

THE BEST AND CHEAPEST INFANTS' FOOD.

NEAVE'S

ADAMIRABLY ADAPTED
TO THE WANTS OF
INFANTS."

Sir Chas. A. Cameron,
C.B., M.D.

For INFANTS, CHILDREN,
INVALIDS, and the AGED.

FOOD

To J. R. Neave & Co.
Sirs,—I enclose a photo of my little boy aged seven months, who has been reared entirely on 'Neave's Food,' and is as fine and healthy a child as could possibly be, never having known an hour's illness. I am constantly being asked by people—my Doctor included—what I feed him on, and I have the greatest pleasure in strongly recommending 'Neave's Food.' You can make what use of this letter you like.
Yours faithfully (Signed) MAUDE F. ROSSITER.

GOLD MEDAL AWARDED, WOMAN'S EXHIBITION, LONDON, 1900.
USED IN THE RUSSIAN IMPERIAL NURSERY.
A Most Nutritious Food for Nursing Mothers.

NOTES TO READERS— NOT £10 NOTES, THOUGH.

A pencil-case will be awarded to each person whose letter is dealt with on this page, or whose suggestion for a title is used.

A. J. B. is one of the sceptics. He says: "Do you mean to tell me that none of your Ten-Pound Men ever get asked the question, 'Have you got that Ten-Pound Note?' except those who have been captured? Here in Birmingham everybody seems to be asking everybody else the question, and it doesn't seem to me possible for a Ten-Pound Man to escape, provided he carries out the conditions." I am glad that this opportunity has arisen for an explanation. In nearly half the reports received from the Ten-Pound Men mention is made of the fact that they have been asked—in some cases half-a-dozen times during the day—for the £10 Note, but not one of the persons asking has thought fit to produce a copy of the current number of *Pearson's Weekly*, and consequently have gone empty away. An oversight of this sort costs them a good deal, doesn't it?

ANOTHER point I would like to impress upon readers and that is the nature of the Sealed Envelope. Certain people have thought fit to play practical jokes on readers. This I foresaw in the original notice of the scheme, where I described exactly what the Envelopes were like. Let me repeat the description: Each Envelope is of white linen, oblong in shape, and bearing two seals on the back with the monogram C.A.P. On the flap of the Envelope is embossed the name of the Firm. On the front are the initials of a Director and the number of the Envelope. It will be obvious to anyone that the embossed name and address of the Firm on the flap cannot well be forged, and anyone who should be handed an Envelope, ostensibly by a Ten-Pound Man, should carefully examine it. This may save a good deal of subsequent disappointment. Readers living in towns where captures have been made are, in most cases, able to see the original Sealed Envelope in one of the shop windows.

A CORRESPONDENT writes: "I see that you mention in this week's number about complaints of cyclists watering of roads. Now, I should like to answer that question on a public official side, as I think you are putting the blame on the wrong shoulders. If you will go to any Vestry or Town Hall and see the complaint book there, you will find that it is the butchers, grocers, and fishmongers, that are in my idea the cause of too much watering, and I think you will agree with me that they are to be studied as well as cyclists (myself included). And then, on another point, roads are not only watered to lay the dust, but to keep them together, especially macadam ones, as, give main roads, macadam or flint, about two or three days dry weather, and they will begin to get loose, and then your cyclist begins to grumble about that, as it cuts his tyres. So if you can satisfy them in all ways you are a wonderful official. After sixteen years of it I find the majority of officials cannot."

H. N. W. sends me one of the matrimonial kind which is entirely American. A parcel of hops was shipped from Washington to Dublin, and remained unclaimed for nearly a year. It was then opened, and inside it was found an envelope directed "To an Unknown Friend." The unknown friend opened the envelope, and found this: "Sumner, Wash., October 16th, '89. Will whoever finds this letter please give it to some lady who wants a good husband? I am 5ft. 9in., dark hair and eyes, thirty-seven years of age, temperate. Have a good home here. Raise fruit and hops, and take this novel way to make the acquaintance of someone.—Yours truly, JOHN McKIE, Sumner, Wash., U.S.A." Presumably the parcel of hops will be divided in equal portions among the lady applicants. It will, however, be noted that they are not exactly the kind of hops to which unmarried, and for the matter of that, married ladies are mostly partial. Still, P.W. always likes to help enterprise, and there seems no reason why John McKie, if not already suited, should not be assisted to hop into the affections of someone. Personally, I hope he will. He deserves to.

H. J. S. had better read a good constitutional history of England; say, Green's "Shorter History of the English People." He would then understand that it is quite impossible nowadays for the Sovereign to dismiss Parliament "on caprice." Such an act would produce something very like a revolution. The Monarch, acting on the advice of his or her responsible ministers, signs the Decree which prorogues or dissolves Parliament. There is no voting about it at all. The Prime Minister takes Council with the Cabinet. The Cabinet votes unanimously one way or the other, simply because the whole Cabinet makes itself responsible for the opinion of any individual Minister. The Sovereign acts on the advice of the Cabinet and the Privy Council, and that's the end of it. The rest is merely the issuing of writs, and the putting in motion of the electoral machinery.

Is there any difference between a clerk and an artisan? That is the question which T. O. asks me with reference to a disputed prize in a rifle competition. It seems that in a Volunteer regiment north of the Tweed, there has been a somewhat invidious distinction made between the competitors at the ranges. There is "an artisan prize" consisting of a silver lever watch valued at £8, and a "highest money prize" at £4. A Civil Service clerk who came out top in the competition, said he was an artisan, and claimed the watch. The second man said that he was not an artisan, and should have the £4 prize. In the ordinary acceptance of the word, a clerk is not an artisan. In a good many cases he has reason to wish that he was, for many a clerk is starving when an artisan is making a good living. He works with his head and his hands just as a good artisan does, and the difference between a trowel and a pen well-used does not amount to very much. The difference is really more in the coat than in the work.

THE prize of £2 2s., offered to the sender of the best anecdote dealing with the General Election, has been awarded to Mr. Wm. Prophet, 17 Garden Street, Townhead, Glasgow. The winning anecdote appears on page 275, together with other attempts sent in for the competition.

C. G. W. has a rather good idea as to making goods sent to market advertise themselves. One of the standing disgraces of this country is the vast amount of farm products that we have to import from foreign countries. For instance, millions of eggs which could very well be furnished by native hens have to come across the seas, and C. G. W. suggests that English, Scotch, Welsh and Irish farmers should provide themselves with a rubber stamp with which they could impress on the eggs their name and address, plus an intimation to the purchaser that, if the eggs were found all right the purchaser would know where to go for them again. This is quite a good suggestion. Personally I happen to know of an Irish dairy farm which sends butter by post to customers in England, charges less than London firms and pays postage into the bargain. It would be the same thing with eggs. No man would dream of putting his imprimatur on an "election egg" because the stamp would be his guarantee, and one "wrong-un" would finish his trade. The gentleman who suggested that hens should be fed on slips of paper bearing his name and address is hereby disqualified for pencil-cases and penknives until he goes one better.

COINCIDENCES keep coming in. The last I have is from from A. D. McK. In North Armagh Colonel Sanderson beat Mr. James Orr, and these were the figures: Sanderson, 3,579; Orr, 2,468. My correspondent points out that when the figures of the majority are taken together every figure up to nine is represented, and that there is a difference of two between each figure in both cases. That's all right, but there's something else. Colonel Sanderson's majority was 1,111, which, being added up, make 4. The number of votes that he polled was 24. Mr. Orr polled 2,468, which, being also added up, make 20, wherefore the winner polled exactly four more votes than the loser if we add the figures together, and that is exactly what his majority comes to when its figures are added. And then people say that figures can be made to say anything.

WHITEFACE has made a mistake. He wants P.W. to help him in putting a stop to what he calls that foolish saying, "It's all right in theory, but wrong in practice." He thinks a theory which does not work out in practice is wrong. That's just where he's wrong. There was once a celebrated professor of science who was asked by a lady, "What's the good of a theory? It isn't anything practical." And to this he replied: "Will you tell me, madam, what is the good of a baby?" My correspondent can draw his own conclusions from this.

H. P. writes: "I can quite believe T. D. W. re what he has seen on a Midland canal, because I have myself seen on the Gloucester and Berkeley Canal the barge *Lovely Susan* following *Epinay Lass*, and after them a steam barge called *Tickles*, which was towing *Jumbo* and *Alice*, and many times I have seen the steam barge *Bee* towing the *Wasp*."

"HAGGAB" asks me a rather difficult question. How many recognised professions are there?

Well, that depends upon the people who recognise them. Some would recognise the herbalist, or the spiritualist, the palmist, or the fortune-teller as a "profession" of something or other, while others would describe these professions in a single word beginning with "q," which, as everyone knows, is followed by "u." The fact is, that the word "profession" has become much looser in its meaning than it was fifty years ago. In those days there were four recognised learned professions—the Church, the Law, Medicine, and Teaching, mostly in the hands of clerical professors. Nowadays we have made a considerable advance upon these meanings. No one, for instance, would deny that Music, the Drama, Journalism, and even Literature, are professions, properly so-called. There are even some people who would say that Editing is a profession; but on this point the opinion of those who make their living by it would be distinctly instructive. I have known editors who would just as soon be on the treadmill.

DOES ANYONE WANT KRUGER'S TOP HAT?

THE proprietors of *Pearson's Weekly* have purchased a silk hat belonging to the late President of the Transvaal. This hat contains ex-President Kruger's autograph and is one he wore for many years when on his farm in the Rustenberg district. So long, in fact, does Uncle Paul wear a hat that it is extremely unlikely another will ever come to London. This one, therefore, can be looked upon as a valuable historical relic, which should increase in value as time goes on. In Pretoria, not long ago, £100 was refused for it.

Accompanying this remarkable prize we shall give away an autograph letter and certificate identifying the same from the Transvaal Registrar of Deeds. At the present moment we have lent the ex-President's hat to the manager of the Alhambra Theatre in London, where it is on view free of charge in the annex of the Grand Circle.

WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO TO WIN EX-PRESIDENT KRUGER'S HAT.

Everybody in the Kingdom has, at one time or another, heard a good joke or read one. The hat and autograph letter will go to the reader who sends in the story that the editor of this paper considers to be the best.

No joke may exceed fifty words.

It may be either original or selected from any book or paper, but the source must be given.

The slip below must be pasted on each contribution, and contain the name and address of the sender.

You may send as many contributions as you like, but a separate slip must be attached to each contribution. Two jokes must not be written on the one slip.

We have purposely made this competition as simple as possible so that everybody may have an equal chance.

Send as soon as you like to JOKE DEPARTMENT, *Pearson's Buildings*, 18 Henrietta Street, Strand, London, W.C.

Name
Address

J. H. sends me a postcard to which is attached the photograph notice from *SHORT STORIES*: "Your face enlarged for 7s." He says he has had neuralgia for a month, and will pay 7s. to decrease the face.

We don't practice dentistry at this office; but if he will go round to the nearest competent gum-butcher and have that tooth out for 1s., he will save 6s.

SEVERAL competitors in the Football Competition have written to ask if they are at liberty to send more than one attempt. Most certainly! If any competitor wishes to make a number of attempts he should get a copy of *SHORT STORIES*, in which he will find a coupon on which he may have nine attempts for sixpence, and eighteen attempts for one shilling. This will obviate the necessity of purchasing a number of copies of *Pearson's Weekly*. Moreover, he gets a copy of *SHORT STORIES* and one free coupon.

It won't do, R. T., you want too much. P.W. may be generous, but there is a limit to its generosity. This is what "R. T." says: "People can't get a joke on to a post-card. Why don't we allow them to write jokes on bed-sheets or pieces of wax-cloth and send them by goods train?" There is about as much humour in a long joke as there is in a Parliamentary petition. Of course, it may be your opinion that it is "as great a strain to get a joke on to a post-card, as it is to sit out a Wagnerian performance with an appearance of enjoyment."

ADVERTISEMENT SCALE.

	s	d	0
Single column, per inch, per insertion	2	0	0
Full page inside, facing page of matter, either white paper or tint or 3rd page of cover, or back page, per insertion	100	0	0
Half page	50	0	0
Quarter page	25	0	0
Eighth page	12	10	0
Tenth page	10	0	0
Front page	120	0	0

All spaces above one-tenth of a page are charged at per page rate. Series discount: 5 per cent. for 13, 10 for 25, 15 for 52 insertions. All advertisements are subject to approval. The proprietors reserve the right to hold over or suspend the insertion of any advertisement without prejudice to other insertions on order. All communications should be addressed to the Advertisement Manager, "*Pearson's Weekly*" Offices, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

Offices: HENRIETTA STREET, LONDON, W.C.

Registered Telegraphic Address—
"HUMOURSOME, LONDON."

Messrs. R. A. THOMPSON & Co. are our Sole Agents in Sydney (180 Pitt Street), Melbourne (342 Little Collins Street), Brisbane (Edward Street), Adelaide (7 King William Street), and Cape Town (23 Loop Street).

P.W. can also be obtained in Paris at Neal's Library, 245 Rue Rivoli, and at the principal kiosks.

Printed and Published by G. ARTHUR PEARSON LTD., at *Pearson's Weekly Buildings*, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

"WHO SAID 'TWENTY TEAZER'?"

Men as Domestic Servants.

"ALL my sons are domestic servants," said a mother to a lady friend of the writer's. "Having no daughters, I early trained them in all domestic matters, not being able to afford a servant. The eldest, when only six, could sew on buttons and darn his own stockings, while at thirteen he was the family knitter, able to complete a pair of boy's socks in a day, and that very neatly."

"Regularly twice a week the boys overlooked their wardrobe, adding the one necessary stitch that saves nine, in putting neat patches, and brushing the garments to place aside tidily folded. I also gave them cookery lessons—sensible cookery, such as every bachelor should know—and, having a large house to look after, I pressed them into service by showing them how to wash dishes, dust and polish furniture, spread carpets and linoleum, set the tea-table, and lots of similar duties."

"My youngest son could earn his living any time as a baker. Before he obtained a situation he baked all the household bread, and his loaves were famous for their lightness and sweetness, many of our neighbours being glad to secure his services on baking-day."

"Their employers are perfectly satisfied with their male domestics, and I don't see why household work should not appeal to a section of bachelors, who are often underpaid as clerks and shop assistants."

"Some may say the work is effeminate. Nonsense! The duties of many white-faced shopmen who handle delicate silks and ribbons is more so. My bread baker is cook to a family of some importance, and has been in their service for over five years; his mistress speaks highly of him, and wonders why men don't try domestic service. There certainly is ample room for them."

"Another of my boys is a sort of 'housemaid,' with a young girl under him, and his eldest brother as superintendent. They divide the duties of cook between them, the second attending to the silver, care of the bedrooms, while both wait at table."

"During their moments of leisure they find their early training of service. Many a pound is saved by the careful attention to their clothes, and the timely mending and brushing which none but the truly economical can value or understand."

"Men servants have met with success abroad, and should do so here. A London lady tells me that she has a staff of five male servants—three of whom are Englishmen—and is more than satisfied with them. Another mistress, who has spent much time in South Africa, where men servants are the rule, will have none but males to do her housework and cooking. She has brought a negro attendant over to Scotland, and three Englishmen have been added as 'domestics.'"

Shipped His Oar.

THE council were divided in opinion. One half of them wanted to appoint a town clerk at £500 a year, but the other half thought such a salary exorbitant. The leader of the latter party, an unlearned butcher, accordingly proposed, as an amendment, that the amount be reduced to £300.

"But you must understand," expostulated the mayor, "that a clerk worth £500 will be far less costly to the town than one who is only worth £300. He will have a better grasp of the work, and be able to introduce some clever little economies. Besides, a man with bigger brains and better pay will manage in time to reduce the town debt, which is far too large at present."

"Now that puts a different face on the matter," said the butcher, resuming his seat. "If he's willing to settle a few of our bills with the extra money, I'll ship my oar and let you pull the boat."

Amendment withdrawn amid subdued mirth.

Hard Luck!

ONE morning last winter, a Cockney was travelling through one of the North-country districts on business. Owing to the cold, the railway company had, with unheard-of generosity and kindness, provided each compartment with a foot-warmer.

The London youth quickly monopolised one; the warmth appeared to create a kindly feeling in his breast, and when an old-fashioned country farmer entered the compartment, he, with a patronising smile, invited the farmer to share it with him.

The farmer thanked the youth, and remarked upon the usefulness of such an article. He then asked the price.

The youth informed him that he would sell the one they were then using for ten shillings.

The farmer jumped at the bargain, and at the next station, to the great amusement of the youth and several other travellers, he took the foot-warmer in his arms, and with a "Good mornin', sir, thank ye very much," commenced to leave the station.

The railway officials, however, were quickly on his track, and after a good deal of wrangling and laughing the old farmer took the warmer back to the carriage, received his half-sovereign, and cleared off, saying:

"It's been this way all ma loife. I never made a good bargain yit but somebody interfered."

Wine from Microbes.

It is a matter of common experience that wine made from grapes of the same kind grown in localities only a few miles apart varies considerably in quality. This is not due to any difference in the mechanical methods employed in extracting the juice or in other stages of manufacture, but is consequent upon the workings of varieties of germs.

Up-to-date scientific men are now turning these facts to account in another direction. They have improved wines, they have given to European tobacco the flavour of that grown in the tropics, and they seek to meet the demand for cheap, yet palatable and wholesome, wines by making use of the juice of apples, instead of that squeezed from grapes, and "inoculating" the liquid with the germs of sherry, sauterne, champagne, and other choice brands.

"Can it be done?" echoed an expert recently interviewed by P.W.

"Of course it can. Here, taste this." And he poured out a glass of wine. "What do you think that is?"

"Sherry," said P.W., very decidedly.

"Good, isn't it? Yes. Well, it isn't sherry at all; but apple-juice fermented by the proper germs brought from Xeres."

Several "wines" were tasted in turn, and each one pronounced to be good, much to the amusement of the expert.

"Nothing more nor less than apple-juice!" he exclaimed triumphantly. "You are not the only person who has been deceived, and it shows what splendid imitations we can produce. We have obtained germs from the localities where all the best wines are made, and with simple apple-juice we produce beverages that can hold their own against the juice of the grape."

"These germs, being parasites, attach themselves to the grapes in different districts; we take a few of the grapes, carefully remove the germs, and cultivate them scientifically. You can purchase small bottles of germs according to the kind of wine you desire to make, just as you buy bottles of dye according to the colour you wish to stain your material. The best Rheinish wine is produced from grapes grown in a district which has a full measure of sunshine and is sheltered by mountains or high hills from the north wind; the germs to be found on these grapes have the benefit of the sun's warmth, and are of a better quality than those microscopic organisms that are found on grapes grown only a mile or so on the other side of the mountains. It is the same in other parts of Europe, and by careful selection and cultivation we produce the best 'yeast.'"

"HOW STOUT YOU ARE GETTING!"

THERE is too often a scarcely-veiled reproach in that exclamation: "How stout you are getting!" At any rate the corpulent one is generally sensitive on that point, and perhaps feels a reproach where none is intended. Certain it is that to lose the *erect* symmetry of youth, to broaden out, to "swell wisely," as Sam Weller has it, and finally to become "fat and scant of breath," is a process at once humiliating and distressing, especially to those who possess that keen appreciation of personal appearance which is a part of what is termed good breeding. There is now, however, no excuse for those who have resigned themselves to carry to the grave the rotund proportions of a Falstaff. The perusal of a little book entitled "Corpulency and the Cure," by F. Cecil Russell, has afforded us not a little interest and instruction on a subject which has hitherto received but superficial attention from the medical profession. Mr. Russell has made the cure of obesity his life's study, and, judging from the record of his achievements—over a thousand grateful letters from his patients are printed in the book—he has been singularly successful. The author's treatment is not by "wasting." There is no "swasting"; there are no restrictions as to eating and drinking; no drastic conditions of any kind. The medicine prescribed is simple and pleasant, purely vegetable, and perfectly harmless. Its action is two-fold; it reduces the redundant fatty tissue at a very rapid rate—in some cases to the extent of over one or two pounds in twenty-four hours—usually from 3lb. to 4lb. in a week (sometimes considerably more), and at the same time it acts as a refreshing and invigorating tonic, promoting a healthy appetite, and dispelling the feeling of depression and extreme malaise experienced by the majority of corpulent people. "Does the fat return after cessation of the treatment?" is a question that many will ask. No, under normal conditions it does not. Mr. Russell's treatment goes to the root of the malady, and, without having the slightest pernicious effect even on the most delicate persons, eliminates the cause of the tendency to corpulency. "Corpulency and the Cure," a dainty little book of some 250 pages, is now in its eighteenth edition. We would cordially recommend such of our readers who are troubled with what we will call, for the sake of euphony, "exaggerated embonpoint" to procure a copy by sending two penny stamps to Mr. F. C. Russell, Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford Square, London. This well-known specialist can claim the unique distinction of having successfully treated over 10,000 cases of obesity.

"THE WHITE MAN'S BURDEN."

FACTS ABOUT CORPULENCE.

THE burden of adipose tissue under which so many men and women suffer, with more or less patience and resignation, is one which none need bear who will listen to the teachings of science as set forth in a little book entitled, "Corpulency and its Cure," by Mr. F. Cecil Russell, a well-known specialist, who has devoted many years of study to the subject—for, however alarming it may sound to those who have a tendency to fatness, obesity is an undesirable encumbrance, and must be treated accordingly. It is singular, indeed, that the medical profession should have given so little attention to the causes and the cure of this distressing malady, especially when it is known that an abnormal weight of fat accumulating around the internal organs leads not unfrequently to what is called fatty degeneration of the heart and liver. In Mr. Russell's treatise, which has recently reached its eighteenth edition (a significant proof of its popularity), the subject is treated with great thoroughness and lucidity. Eschewing the usual obscurities of scientific terminology, the author explains in good, homespun English the origin of fat, the causes and the dangers of its undue accumulation, and the symptoms of the various ailments engendered thereby. Furthermore, Mr. Russell goes exhaustively into his unique method of treatment, and gives the ingredients (which are purely vegetable and absolutely harmless) of the preparation with which his name is associated. "Doing Russell" is a not uncommon phrase, and certainly one which has no terrors for those who have gone through this really agreeable treatment. The system is, in fact, as admirably simple as it is marvellously efficacious. It entails but slight interference with one's ordinary dietary. There are no arbitrary restrictions of any sort, and the preparation Mr. Russell prescribes is of so pleasant a kind that many persons take it, diluted with water, as a table beverage. This is no starvation régime; on the contrary, whilst the reduction of adipose matter is being effected, safely and surely, at the rate of no less than from 3lbs. to 4lbs. per week (sometimes considerably more), the appetite is improved, the system is gradually toned up, and strength, energy, and vitality are increased. The dainty little book under notice can be obtained by any of our readers who will send two penny stamps to Mr. F. C. Russell, Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford Square, London. Hundreds of grateful and enthusiastic letters from "ex-corpulents" are printed in the body of this interesting work.

WHY ENDURE CORPULENCE?

THE "RUSSELL" CURE.

"LOSE two stone in a month by a perfectly harmless process! Impossible!" is the exclamation of the uninitiated when told of the marvellous results of the famous "Russell" treatment of obesity. Yet it is so; not only does it reduce the weight to the extent named—and more, not only is it absolutely harmless—but it has an eminently beneficial effect on the general health. Its permanent results are increased physical strength and activity, increased digestive power, increased appetite, and increased brain and nerve power. Yet, during the course of the treatment the patient is losing daily from 1lb. to 2lbs. in weight of useless, clogging, fatty matter; indeed, in extreme cases of adiposity the test of the weighing machine will demonstrate a daily loss of as much as 4lbs. Readers of Mr. F. Cecil Russell's little book entitled "Corpulency and the Cure," now in its eighteenth edition, will find abundant evidence of the wonderful efficacy of the author's very agreeable method of permanently curing obesity. Some hundreds of grateful sufferers have of their own accord written to thank Mr. Russell for the successful results of his unique remedy. These unsolicited testimonials are reproduced in the book. Why endure corpulency, indeed, when within a month or so the "uncle stout" can regain their normal proportions without the least discomfort? No "wasting," no purging, no excessive exercise, no special dietary—nothing but the special preparation, of which the ingredients are given in full in Mr. Russell's book. These ingredients are purely vegetable; no noxious drug of any kind is included in the remedy. Mr. Russell has made the cure of corpulency a life-long study, and in the course of practice has been privileged to prescribe for no fewer than 14,000 cases. These have been carefully tabulated with a view to comparative analysis, and it is conclusively shown therefrom that (1) persons suffering from the disease of obesity are in a large majority of cases small eaters; (2) that obesity is not by any means always due to hereditary tendency, and (3) the causes of a tendency to obesity can be permanently overcome. Methods of treatment involving semi-starvation, sweating, wasting, etc., weaken the constitution without removing the constitutional tendency to "make fat." The "Russell" treatment goes to the root of the evil, removes the cause, and at the same time strengthens and invigorates the entire organism. Readers who are alarmed at the indications of growing stoutness should by all means study "Corpulency and the Cure," which may be obtained by sending two penny stamps to F. C. Russell, Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C. They will not regret it.

BEATS THAT POLICEMEN DREAD.

POOR ROBERT HAS A NERVE-RACKING TIME IN SOME DISTRICTS.

In certain parts of Lincolnshire there are many beats, strictly traversed by constables every night, that include a very difficult boat journey. The same rule obtains in certain parts of North Wales and near the south-eastern corner of England.

Some of the most melancholy and nerve-wrecking beats known are, however, in the coal and iron districts of Lancashire and Yorkshire, and these have to be patrolled with absolute strictness. For miles, in some cases, there is nothing but heaps of furnace refuse, slag, ashes, and so on, all steaming hot and giving off sulphurous vapours. There is no scrap of vegetation, and the great slag heaps often shimmer and glow in a fitful, irregular way, as the breeze blows on them. Between, are the black mounds of colliery refuse, with the great gaunt skeletons of the mine-head machinery shown against the sky. After a black patch comes a loudly pulsating blasting furnace, so huge that the figures seen in its great glaring red light look like imps in a pantomime scene.

But the tragedy of these great smouldering heaps is the tribute of dead men and women that they exact. Within a few miles of Barnsley, one constable has, during ten winters, found over twenty-seven bodies, sometimes half-consumed, on the heaps that mark his beat. In the midst of snow and ice the tramp arrives from a part of our country that gives forth no coal or iron, sees the black, genially yet treacherously warm cinders at the margin of a heap. He nestles comfortably among the ashes, and is soon sound asleep, never to wake again.

The funes first do their work, and then from beneath his black bed some of the refuse begins to glow, and the result is generally a body beyond recognition. The police save hundreds of lives on these melancholy beats by hauling off unhappy beings not yet stupefied. Often enough the victim is a collier overcome by a carouse. Doctors declare that the death itself must be an unconscious and painless one, so insidiously does the vapour do its part.

Some of the most creepy rounds in the United Kingdom are what are called "tunnel beats," districts that comprise subways and arches of different kinds. And the most nerve-destroying tunnel beat in the world is that which comprises the unexampled "Dark Arches" in Leeds. In the very heart of the great West Riding town, with the roar of traffic above, are some miles of vast underground arches. You can plunge out of the sunlight shining upon one of the busiest streets of the town, and, walking straight ahead, go through nearly three miles of huge vaulted chambers, with dreadful shadowy recesses at each side. The only light, night or day, is that provided near the entrance or by occasional manholes and the like.

The dark arches are a result of vast railway operations in the past, and there exist several rights of way through them that must be maintained. Halfway through, one comes upon a horrible swiftly but silently running underground stream, many yards in breadth, and black as ink. Across it is a gaunt and narrow foot-bridge that must be crossed. All manner of lawless characters for years retreated to the arches, and dead men and the fruits of robberies have been found there for years.

Mr. George R. Sims, the late Mr. Henry Pettitt, the dramatist, Sir Augustus Harris, and scores of others interested in novels and plays, have seen the place and come shudderingly forth. The genial "Dagonet" declared that Dante never imagined a worse inferno of melancholy. And yet constables traverse it day and night—and suffer therefrom generally.

There is no round known that requires such an exercise of judgment on the part of constables and superior officers alike as what is called, by the London and Manchester police at least, a "goner" beat. By some strange chance, there are sometimes whole neighbourhoods full of poor dwellings that are yet by no possible abuse of terms thieves' quarters. At some time in the past an undue interference. A family quarrel or an excessive use of authority on a respectable working inhabitant by a foolish constable or sergeant has exasperated the whole population, and from that time it takes years and years to even make the beat of the streets tolerate the sight of a policeman.

What are called "warehouse" beats are often very trying ones. Miles upon miles of great warehouses and the like seem deserted absolutely during the long hours of the night. The constable who tries all the locks has to enter gloomy side passages. But of all beats these are the most lucrative, and they are made so by managers, clerks, and others, who work in the separate sets of rooms let to different tenants, and who sometimes find themselves locked in so far as the main door is concerned.

The trouble of releasing the men is often very great, and the fire-escape has even been employed on occasion.

So common are these locking-in incidents that at Manchester and Bradford, in Yorks, the keys of every warehouse and building are taken by one man, specially appointed, to the local police station. A constable, called a "key clerk," hangs each lot up on a numbered peg. When a constable reports a man locked in, the key is handed over with certain formalities. Warehouse beats are quite commonly worth a pound a week in tips.

Averting Trouble.

MAID (breathlessly): "Oh, miss! both the gents you is engaged to has called, and they're in the parlour, and, somehow or other, they've found it out! and, oh, miss! I'm afraid there'll be trouble!"

Miss Flirtie: "Horrors! Oh, dear! What shall I do!"

Maid (after reflection): "I'll manage it all right. I'll run an' tell 'em you're crying y'r eyes out 'cause y'r father has lost all his money."

Force of Habit.

THE LANDLORD OF THE BARLEY MOW: "You don't seem to care for it. Most folks like our beer."

"Oh, I dunno! Wot's it made of?"

"Well, malt and hops, I suppose."

"Nuthin' else?"

"No, nothing else."

"No water?"

"Oh, yes, of course; I forgot the water."

"No, by gum! you didn't."

Awkward Compliment.

THERE is such a thing as being too persistently complimentary. A candid and well-meaning professor, who had witnessed the performance of a little play in a private house, in which his hostess had taken the leading part, met the lady as she came from behind the curtain.

"Madam," he said, rushing up to her, "you played excellently; that part fits you to perfection."

"Oh, no, professor," said the lady modestly; "a young and pretty woman is needed for that part."

"But, madam," persisted the professor, "you have positively proved the contrary!"

Neatly Reproved.

A CLEVER lady, noted for her wit, once ventured on the difficult task of publicly reproofing a well-known member of London society for his over fondness for good living.

The gentleman in question had made himself conspicuous by the way in which he literally gorged himself at a dinner to which he, with several other representatives of the "Upper Ten," had been invited. Then, to make matters worse, he was sufficiently unwise, or thoughtless enough, to attempt to excuse himself for his conduct.

"Ah, you know," said he, using the words of the well-known quotation, "in eating well I praise my food."

The opportunity presented by this would-be smart remark could not be allowed to pass unheeded by the somewhat disgusted lady sitting at the speaker's side.

"Really, now," she observed, with a sweet smile, "you should not carry praise to the point of flattery."

A Long-Felt Want.

AGENT (to superintendent of laundry): "I have come, sir, to ascertain if you would like to purchase one of my new machines."

Superintendent: "No, we don't want any of your machines; we have all the machinery we can use."

"But, my dear sir, no laundry is complete without one of my machines."

"What is it; a mangle?"

"No, sir; your mangles and ironers are not in it when my machine gets to work."

"What is your machine for?"

"It's a machine made expressly to take buttons off garments. When it strikes a button, it removes the same in a twinkling, and rips the garment from end to end."

"Young man, you have a brilliant future before you. You may send half-a-dozen of your machines to the laundry at once."

DO YOU KNOW A GOOD STORY?

THE Editor is in want of really good original anecdotes, and is willing to give his contributors full return for contributing them.

All attempts, however, must be the original work of the sender. By original we do not mean simply reading an anecdote, and then writing it out in a different manner, and still retaining the same idea; the story must be original in every detail.

Each week the best dozen or so will be published, and the sender of each will receive a prize in the shape of a book, or a stereoscope, or penknife, whichever may be chosen. Competitors are requested to state on their attempts the prize they would prefer. In addition to this, the sender of the best story published during November will receive a cheque for £5.

All stories must arrive on postcards addressed to the "Little Story Editor," Pearson's Weekly, 17 and 18 Henrietta Street, Strand, London, W.C.

COAL MINES WE HAVEN'T WORKED.

WHEN THE TRANSVAAL SETTLES DOWN WE SHALL GET OUR COAL FROM THERE.

WHEN the Transvaal comes by fate of war into the possession of the British Crown, a future awaits it of the magnitude of which even those who are best acquainted with the resources of the country have no conception.

The high veld—or "hoooge veld" as it is called—situated in the centre of the Transvaal is a very extensive plateau stretching some 200 miles in every direction. Its appearance is not exactly inviting. There are few trees, and as the rivers are non-existent in the dry season, a look of sterility is produced which is anything but cheerful to the visitor.

Had we retained possession of the place when it passed into our hands in 1877 the energy of our race would have speedily transformed the country. But as the Boer hates work as much as he loves coffee, and is never happier than when leaning against the door-post and gazing dreamily across the veld, the Transvaal, especially before the rainy season, looks like a wilderness.

But this surface unattractiveness will not be considered when the mineral wealth of the country comes to be exploited in the near future. Even should the war cost us one hundred millions the gold and coal mines now untapped will speedily recoup us for our outlay.

So far as we know at present, the finest coal is to be found at Steenkohlspruit, near the Oliphant's River. To-day it is a nice little hamlet. In the next century it will be a town, and as there will probably be a difficulty in pronouncing the name, posterity will know it as Dudley, Wigan, or some other coal patronymic.

The great feature of the Transvaal coal mines is one which will cause the mining world here to pale with envy. The coal is always found before any great depth is reached, and in most instances the seams are on ground level.

Not only is the coal, as a rule, of the finest, but that at Steenkohlspruit is equal to the finest Wallsend. The geologist, who is our informant, also states that there are some splendid seams of steam coal. If this be so, Delagoa Bay will be the finest of all our coaling stations, as being the only one to which coal has not to be in the first place transported. As a rule, the seams crop out in the spruit bank, and are seldom less than from seven to eight feet thick.

As may be imagined, the Boers, although perfectly well aware of the enormous wealth lying under the veld, have not cared to acquaint the capitalistic world with the fact. Were the gold at Johannesburg to give out they might, as they have a perfect horror of taxation, be forced to see coal shafts sunk by the energetic Outlander.

But up till now they have been content to do their cooking by bricks made of manure which, burning with a steady glow, serve their purpose quite as well.

We have been shown a letter written recently by one of the few old Boers who can read and write. This worthy old patriarch says that thirty years ago he used coal, as there was no labour involved in digging for it, in preference to brick; but having dug away all the coal on the surface, and as his sons had refused to dig lower than six feet, he had gone back to the old-fashioned fuel. What does the industrious Englishman think of six feet being too deep to excavate?

Another coal town in embryo will be on the shores of Lake Chrissie, in New Scotland. Our geologist friend tells us that he knows a trader who assured him that at Lake Chrissie hundreds of seams could be seen cropping out within a short distance of each other, many of them over forty feet thick. One he mentioned was fifty feet; in fact, there is little doubt that the entire "hoooge veld" is one immense coal field. Indeed, its richness is so great that in the event of science being unable to provide a substitute when our own coal fields are exhausted, Great Britain might do worse than betake herself bag and baggage to this most favoured region.

That the rush will before long assume national proportions is certain, for if the coal mines of the "hoooge veld" are valuable the gold ditto are infinitely more so.

The veld, when it is filled up with cities, might interfere with the Boers' vista, but half-a-dozen Johannesburgs, and a few Newcastles, Wigans, and Dudleys would soon reconcile him to the scenic deficiencies. Although the gold-bearing reefs of Matabeleland have an unfortunate knack of panning out, there is no reason to doubt that so far as the middle of the veld is concerned the mines will be found as rich as they are at Johannesburg. If this be so, and a practically unlimited supply of the precious metal is forthcoming, the gold cities of South Africa will inaugurate a fresh period of commercial prosperity which will render the Empire the envied of the entire world.

As we use our wealth to forward the interests of progress and civilisation, and not as Rome and Carthage did in riotous debauchery, the proud consciousness that we are rising to the level of the high future Nature has in store for us will enable all Britishers to endure the envy of the world with resignation and fortitude.

KUTNOW'S POWDER REMOVES THE IMPURITIES THAT WEAKEN THE LIVER AND MAKE IT DISEASED, AND THE DESPONDENCY, BILIOUSNESS, HEADACHE, NERVOUSNESS, LANGUOR, AND INSOMNIA QUICKLY VANISH.

A TORPID LIVER FREED OF IMPURITIES, STRENGTHENED, AND STIMULATED.

SAMPLES SENT FREE.
SAMPLES SENT FREE.

The increased consumption of rich and heavy foods, and of strong coffees, cocoas, and teas, has resulted in liver derangements becoming so prevalent that a person of the brain-working, town-dwelling class that is not a victim to Despondency, Biliousness, Headache, Nervousness, Languor, Insomnia, or some other symptom of liver torpor, is seldom to be met with nowadays. If the liver is allowed to continue in a deranged condition long, far more serious symptoms than these will occur, and cirrhosis, jaundice, or gall-stones may bring life to a premature end. Most of the ailments that arise from a disordered liver are due to the presence in the blood of certain waste and poisonous substances. When the liver is in a healthy condition it gathers up these substances, changes them into uric acid, and passes them to the kidneys and bladder for disposal. When, however, the liver is overworked and disordered, instead of being collected and disposed of, they are sent back into the circulation, where they constantly interfere with the action of every organ, and produce the various ailments we have mentioned.

There are a hundred preparations for remedying liver disorder, but the most reliable and pleasant, and the one that has received the highest and strongest medical endorsement, is KUTNOW'S Improved Effervescent Carlsbad POWDER. This powder is composed of the same purifying, healing, and medicinal properties that attract thousands of sufferers from liver disorders to the famous mineral springs of the Continent. Kutnow's Powder is made by desiccating the salts of the most noted of these springs, and adding effervescence and a few health-giving ingredients. Kutnow's Powder has the same stimulating, cleansing, and strengthening effects on a weak and deranged liver as the waters of these springs. At the same time, it has none of their nauseous, drastic, and lowering attributes.

After a course of "Kutnow's" sufferers from liver derangements find that the headache, low spirits, nervousness, lassitude, and insomnia which have troubled them have disappeared, and that their appetite has improved, the pains which they have felt between the shoulder-blades have vanished, and an inclination for work and play has returned. After a few bottles of "Kutnow's" the skin will be clearer, the blood purer, and the sleep sounder.

SAMPLES SENT GRATIS.

FOR ONE MONTH Messrs. S. Kutnow & Co. Limited, will send a sample of KUTNOW'S POWDER FREE and POST PAID to every adult applicant who names *Pearson's Weekly* when writing.
KUTNOW'S POWDER may be obtained in capsuled bottles, of all Chemists and Medicine Vendors. Price, in Great Britain, 2s. 9d. per bottle, or post free (in the United Kingdom only) for 3s. from the London office. See that the Registered Trade Mark, "Hirschsprung" (or Deer Leap), and the autograph facsimile signature, "S. KUTNOW & CO. LD." are on the label and carton. Only these insure genuineness. Insist on "KUTNOW'S," and firmly refuse any substitutes, as they are worthless. Sole Proprietors: S. KUTNOW & CO. Limited, 41 Farringdon Road, London, E.C. New York House: KUTNOW BROS., 13 Astor Place, New York City.

WATSON'S MATCHLESS CLEANSER.

THE BEST SOAP FOR ALL PURPOSES. IT STILL HOLDS THE LEAD. QUALITY PERFECT.
BUY IT, PROVE IT, AND SECURE A PRIZE.

BIG PRIZE SCHEME

For MARCH, 1901.

25,602 PRIZES, VALUE £10,000

LIST OF PRIZES:

1 Cash Prize, £50	...	...	...	...	...
1 Cash Prize, £40	...	...	...	...	...
10 Handsome Pianos, in walnut, £40 each	...	...	...	...	...
5 Cash Prizes, £25 each	...	...	...	...	...
10 Gents' Bicycles, Freehubs, £17 17s.	...	...	...	...	...
10 Ladies' Bicycles, Freehubs, £17 17s.	...	...	...	...	...
10 Cash Prizes, £10 each	...	...	...	...	...
20 Jones' Sewing Machines, £25 each	...	...	...	...	...
20 Cash Prizes, £5 each	...	...	...	...	...
80 Rolled Gold Lever Watches, £2 10s. each	...	...	...	...	...
100 Cash Prizes, £2 each	...	...	...	...	...
50 Dinner Services (56 pieces), £2 each	...	...	...	...	...
50 Folding Bed Chairs, £2 each	...	...	...	...	...
50 Ladies' Travelling Trunks, £2 each	...	...	...	...	...
500 Cash Prizes, £1 each	...	...	...	...	...
200 Ladies' Leather Hatboxes, £1 each	...	...	...	...	...
100 Basket Arm Chairs, upholstered, £1	...	...	...	...	...
400 pairs Blankets, 15s. per pair	...	...	...	...	...
200 doz. Electro-plated Forks, large, 15s. per doz.	...	...	...	...	...
200 doz. Electro-plated Forks, small, 15s. per doz.	...	...	...	...	...
500 Ladies' Umbrellas, 15s. each	...	...	...	...	...
500 Gents' Umbrellas, 15s. each	...	...	...	...	...
400 Best Electro-plated Teapots, 15s. each	...	...	...	...	...
400 Handsome Meat Carvers, with steel, in case	...	...	...	...	...
1000 Cash Prizes, 10s. each	...	...	...	...	...
1000 Pair Red Sheets, 10s. each	...	...	...	...	...
1000 White Linen Table Cloths, 10s. each	...	...	...	...	...
1000 Ladies' Umbrellas, 7s. 6d. each	...	...	...	...	...
1000 Ladies' Leather Purses, 7s. 6d. each	...	...	...	...	...
200 doz. Table Knives, 7s. 6d. per doz.	...	...	...	...	...
200 doz. Dessert do., 7s. 6d. per doz.	...	...	...	...	...
2000 Ladies' Dress Lengths, Navy Blue Serge, 7s. 6d. each	...	...	...	...	...
2000 Cash Prizes, 5s. each	...	...	...	...	...
4715 Ladies' Leather Hand Bags, 4s.	...	...	...	...	...
4000 doz. Fine Linen Cambric Handkerchiefs, 2s. 6d. per doz.	...	...	...	...	...
4000 Handsome Workboxes, 2s. 6d. each	...	...	...	...	...
25,602					£10,000 0 0

CONDITIONS OF COMPETITION.

Every Tablet of WATSON'S MATCHLESS CLEANSER is enclosed in a Wrapper with signature and the centre of same. Save the WHOLE Wrapper (tops of Wrappers will be disqualified), and send, postage or carriage paid, to JOSEPH WATSON & SONS LTD., WHITEHALL SOAP WORKS, LEADS, not later than March 31st, 1901. Each package will be counted as one lot; separate entries must be sent under separate covers. If any parcel arrives, postage or carriage not being fully paid, such parcel will be refused. Be careful to see that the full postage is paid. Each parcel sent in must contain the full name and address of sender, and number of Wrappers sent in must be marked on the same paper. On outside of parcel write legibly "Prize Competition." The prizes will be awarded in the above order to the senders of the highest numbers of Wrappers. The result of Competition will be sent with each prize when it is sent out. Every Wrapper must have first contained soap. No entry of JOSEPH WATSON & SONS LTD. will be eligible. All Prizes will be despatched about April 25th.

WATSON'S MATCHLESS CLEANSER

Is the Housewife's Friend. It saves her health, her strength, her wealth; washes her clothes with ease and leaves them sweet and pure, and will not injure the most delicate fabric. It has the largest sale of 1-lb. Tablets in the World. Sold by all Grocers, Oilmen, &c., throughout the United Kingdom.

New Season Dress Fabrics.

Finest collection in the Kingdom, at prices which mean a great saving on ordinary shop purchases.

JOHN NOBLE, LTD.,

will lend a Large Box of Patterns of the Latest Novelties and Standard Dress Goods to any reader of this journal to choose from; sent carriage free—please address—
JOHN NOBLE, LTD., No. 24, Brook St. Mills, MANCHESTER.

The only Efficacious Substitute for Cod Liver Oil.

Devonshire Cream

(Really Genuine).

In patent air-tight tins. 1lb., 1/4; 1lb., 2/4; 2lb., 4/-; including tin & postage.

MRS. CONYERS,
Morchard Bishop,
DEVON.

THE ROYAL 4^D.
MAGAZINE.

HAVE YOU GOT THAT SILVER WATCH?

To be Had Free for the Asking.
1,000 TO BE GIVEN AWAY.
All you have to do is to send us your name and address, and on complying with our conditions the watch will be sent to you free of charge immediately.

GEORGE BROWN & CO.,
No. 8 Dept., 63 High Holborn,
London, W.C.

HAIR DESTROYED.

Send me an envelope (stamped and addressed) and I will tell you how to remove all superfluous hair free of charge. (Send no money).—Address, in confidence, Miss H. L. (Room 3), 133 Oxford Street, London, W.

For the Sale of First-class Fountain Pens.

Special Terms to Reliable Agents: THE STAR Stationery Co. Ltd., 24 Currier St., Chancery Lane, London, E.C. Sample box free.

SULPHOLINE LOTION,

For clearing the Skin from Spots, Blemishes, Redness, Roughness, giving a Beautiful Complexion and pleasing appearance.
SHILLING BOTTLES.

RAINEY'S

RAINEY'S PILLS act direct on the Nerves and speedily and permanently cure the worst

TOOTHACHE OR NEURALGIA.

TOOTHACHE

Sold in boxes 1/1½ by all Chemists, or post free from the Proprietor: 1/1½ J. JARVIS RAINEY, Chemist, Spilsby.

PILLS

PRINCE OF ENTERTAINERS.



A Graphophone & Columbia Records

BRING ENDLESS PLEASURE INTO THE HOME.

The Graphophone is the greatest and most fascinating entertainer of the age. It plays Band and Orchestral Music, and Sings and Talks to the delight of you and old.

Graphophones are sold from - 25 - Up.
Toy Graphophone for Children 8/-

COLUMBIA RECORDS EXCEL AT ALL POINTS.

Write for Catalogue A to

COLUMBIA PHONOGRAPH CO., Genl., 122 Oxford St., London, W.

It is the Pen everyone wants the Best—that is, the Pen that they call **CALTON CYTLOGRAPHIC PEN**. It is the simplest and the most of its kind on the market. It is made and improved by all who use it. Write with it complete in Box, with Filler and Dropper, for 1/-, or 2/-, or 3/- **JEWEL POUNTAIN PEN** made with 10ct. Gold Nib, 5/- Mounted and Cased 7/6.

Dept. F.W. **JEWEL PEN CO., 53 Fenchurch Street, London, E.C.**

Save Your Skin! If you have, do get to your chemist or store, or send stamps or P.O. order to the Antemene Co., 83 Castle Road, London, N.W., for a bottle of "ANTEMENE". It gives immediate relief directly it is applied, and soothes even the most obstinate cases.

A booklet on Skin Troubles is enclosed with each bottle.

All orders are sent securely packed free from any taxation.

**TOURISTS, CYCLISTS,
SPORTSMEN, &c.**

**Made at the oldest-established
Chocolate Manufactory in
Switzerland.
The Largest Sale in the World.**

Sole Agents for the United Kingdom:
ELLIS & CO.,
20 Sir Thomas St., Liverpool,
11 Bow Lane, London, E.C.

Young men who can introduce customers should write for agency terms.
J. G. GRAYES, Tool Warehouse,
Division Street, SHEFFIELD.

ACCORDIONS
MUSICAL BOXES AND
ALL INSTRUMENTS.
Exceptional Value for
Cash or Easy Terms
48/- PER MONTH
Carriage Paid.
CATALOGUE FREE.
DOUGLAS & CO.
15 SOUTH STREET,
LONDON, E.C.

CHARLES RILEY, Moor St., Birmingham

EXPRESS. THE

5

Mrs. Brown Potter, whose beautiful hair is the envy of her sex, writes: **"I use only 'Tatcho.'"** The result will surprise you and will be intensely gratifying. It is sold in bottles by Chemists and Hairdressers all over the world, 2s. 9d. and 5s., or may be had direct in plain sealed package, post free, 2s. 11d. and 5s. 3d. Address—The Geo. R. Sims Co., 81b Great Queen Street, London, W.C.

Allen Foster & Co.

THE LONDON MANUFACTURERS

BUY DIRECT AT FIRST COST FROM THE LEADING FIRM OF LONDON MANUFACTURERS.

7/6



Design No. 224. 7/6.
The Latest Fashion in Skirts.
New pleated flounce skirt.
Made in Black and Navy Serge
rows of stitching down
the front—a very smart skirt.
7/6; carr. 5d. extra. All
in stock. Send for one.



Design No. 2131. 10/6.
Stylish Chesterfield Jacket.
30in. long, made in good
Cloth in Fawn, Black, or
Blue. Exceptional
value. Price only 10/6; car-
riage paid 5d. extra. Money
returned if not approved.

Design No. 2104.

10/6
THE FASHIONABLE
THREE-QUARTER
SACQUE JACKET,

20in. long. Made in the
renowned Allen Foster &
Co.'s Beaver Cloth in Black,
Fawn, Brown, and Royal.
This Jacket has a double-
breasted front, with smoke
pearl buttons. Price only
10/6. Carriage 5d. The
greatest value on the
Market. Send for one.
All sizes in stock. In send-
ing order, give bust mea-
surement (under arms).
Money returned if not ap-
proved.

PATTERNS
FREE.

Design No. 223. 6/6.

THE
NEW & FASHIONABLE
FLOUNCE SKIRT.

This Skirt has proved an
immense success. It
is made in all the colours
of the two splendid wearing
fabrics—the Specialite
Serge and the Venetian
Clothing. All sizes in
stock. This Skirt is cut in
the new Circular Shape,
and with a 16in. flounce
round bottom, which is
lined with good linette.
A Bargain for 6/6. Car-
riage paid 5d. extra.
WRITE FOR ONE.
Patterns Free.

GRAND VALUE for
MONEY.

Design No. 223. 6/6.

Send Post-card for Patterns, Sketch Book
of Indoor and Outdoor Costumes, and
Catalogue of Bargains, Post Free on
application.

Ladies are invited to call and inspect goods at our New
Showroom, 47 GOLDEN LANE, E.C.

Business hours: 9 a.m. to 7 p.m.; Saturdays, 9 a.m. to 1 p.m.

Mention PEARSON'S WEEKLY.



Design No. 2104. 10/6.



Design No. 223. 6/6.



Design No. 257. 10/6.



Design No. 257. 10/6.

A SMART COSTUME

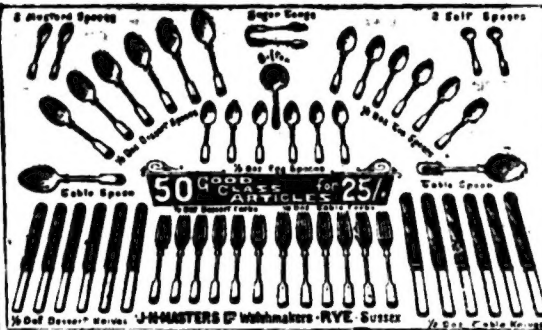
with tight-fitting bodice—full-
pleated front with pretty lappels—
trimmed with two rows of bead-
work—collar and sleeves trimmed to
match—lining in bodice and sleeves,
full well-made skirt in the world-
renowned Specialite Serge or Venetian
Cloth. A costume that always
gives great satisfaction. Hundreds
of testimonials. Price only
10/6; carriage paid 5d. extra.

This costume can be ordered in
Allen Foster & Co.'s Pretoria
Tweed lined throughout, well
boned and finished for 21/-. Car-
riage paid.

ALLEN FOSTER & CO., The London
Manufacturers,
47 GOLDEN LANE, BARBICAN, LONDON, E.C.

A FREE TRIAL FOR 2/6

FREE TRIAL FOR 2/6



EACH PARCEL contains 50 articles, Table and
Dessert Knives, Forks, and Spoons, &c., as illus-
trated above, supplied complete in strong box.
Every article warranted to give entire satisfaction.

MASTERS LTD. will send,
to any reader of *Pearson's Weekly*, one
of these famous parcels of Cutlery, &c.,
value 25/-, on receipt of 2/6.

IF you do not approve of the parcel
we will return your 2/6 in full.

IF you approve of it, you send us 2/6
on receipt, and 5/- each month for
four months = 25/-.

BUT should you prefer to buy for Cash
send only 20/- more as we allow
2/6 discount to those who pay cash.

OR you may send 22/6 at once for this
25/- parcel, and if you do not ap-
prove of it we will refund your 22/6, if
the parcel is returned in seven days.



(WILL HOLD FOUR HALF-PINTS).

10/6 Masters'
Electro-Silver
Teapot.

MASTERS' ELECTRO TEAPOT,
SILVER

10/6

MASTERS, LTD. will send one of
Half-Guinea Electro Silver Teapots to any
reader who mentions *Pearson's Weekly* on
receipt of 2/6.

IF you do not approve of it, we will RETURN
YOUR 2/6 in full.

IF you approve of it you send us 2/- more on
receipt, and 2/- each month till paid for.

BUT when you see the Teapot, should you
prefer to send the balance at once,
send only 6/6, as we allow 1/6 discount to
those who pay CASH.

OR you may send 9/6 at once, and if you do
not approve of the Teapot, WE WILL
REFUND YOUR MONEY, if Teapot is re-
turned to us within 7 days.

CATALOGUE of Watches, Jewellery, Cutlery, Electro-plate, &c.,
Post Free to any address.

J. N. MASTERS Ltd., Silversmiths, &c., RYE, Sussex.



That is to say,
gently but firmly refuse
all Imitations of

OGDEN'S

'GUINEA-GOLD' CIGARETTES

M&C

**READY
NOV. 26TH.**

**A
Picture
Gallery
for a
Shilling!**

Pears' Annual, 1900.

This Year contains a **STIRRING Christmas Story** by **Max Pemberton**,
"Love the Harvester"
 With **22 Illustrations** by **Frank Dadd, R.I.**

WITH THE ABOVE ARE . . .

3 LARGE PRESENTATION PLATES

Fit for any Drawing Room.

THE BRITISH LION.

By **VASTAGH.**

Size 18½ inches x 10½ inches. Printed in 10 Colours.

BEWARE!

By **J. S. BURGESS, R.A.**

Size 17½ inches x 18 inches. Printed in 13 Colours.

MAKING FRIENDS.

By **YERND KING, R.I.**

Size 17½ inches x 18 inches. Printed in 13 Colours.

Printed in the best and most Artistic Style of the Chromo-Lithographic Art. As the whole Edition is always sold within a few days of publication, early application to the Booksellers is necessary to secure a copy of this artistic and marvellous production.

Price ONE SHILLING,

Postage in the United Kingdom . . .

FOURPENCE.

Sold by Booksellers and Newsagents all over the World.

*
SOLD
EVERYWHERE.

**Coleman's
WINCARNIS**
 IS THE FINEST TONIC AND
 RESTORATIVE IN THE WORLD.
 6,000 Testimonials received from Medical Men.
 A Sample Bottle sent on receipt of 1s 11 postal
 address and 3d. in stamps for postage.
 Manufacturers:
COLEMAN & Co. Ltd.,
 "Wincarnis" Works,
 NORWICH.

AN IDEAL FOOD FOR
SUFFERERS FROM

INDIGESTION.

Cheltine
 DYSPEPTIC FOOD

NOURISHING. INVIGORATING. SUSTAINING.

A FOOD FOR ALL TIMES.

Palatable and Efficacious.

PRICE—In Tins, 1/- and 2/6 each. OF ALL CHEMISTS.

Free Sample sent on receipt of 3d. to defray postage.

Address—THE MANAGER (Dept. C), CHELTINE WORKS, CHELTENHAM.



When the Pie was opened,
The birds began to sing
"The Praises of Bird's Custard Powder."
Make the whole world ring.



**BIRD'S
CUSTARD
POWDER**

Makes a perfect high-class Custard at a minimum
of cost and trouble. Used by all the leading
Diplomats of the South Kensington School of
Cookery. Invaluable also for a variety of Sweet
Dishes, recipes for which accompany each packet.
NO EGGS! NO RISK! NO TROUBLE!



STONE'S GINGER WINE

**A Grand Thing for
Autumn and Winter.**

STONE'S GINGER WINE is prepared from the finest Jamaica Ginger, and is a most healthful
palatable drink. GINGER is noted for its gentle stimulating qualities, and the most convenient
for taking it is **STONE'S GINGER WINE**. Be sure to ask for **STONE'S** and see that you

Sold by all the leading Wine Merchants, Stores and Grocers, or on draught at Bars and Refreshment Rooms.

Wholesale: THE FINSBURY DISTILLERY CO., London, E.C.

All Communications respecting Advertisements should be sent to the Advertisement Department, "PEARSON'S WEEKLY" Offices, HENRIETTA STREET, LONDON, W.C.